New Statesman

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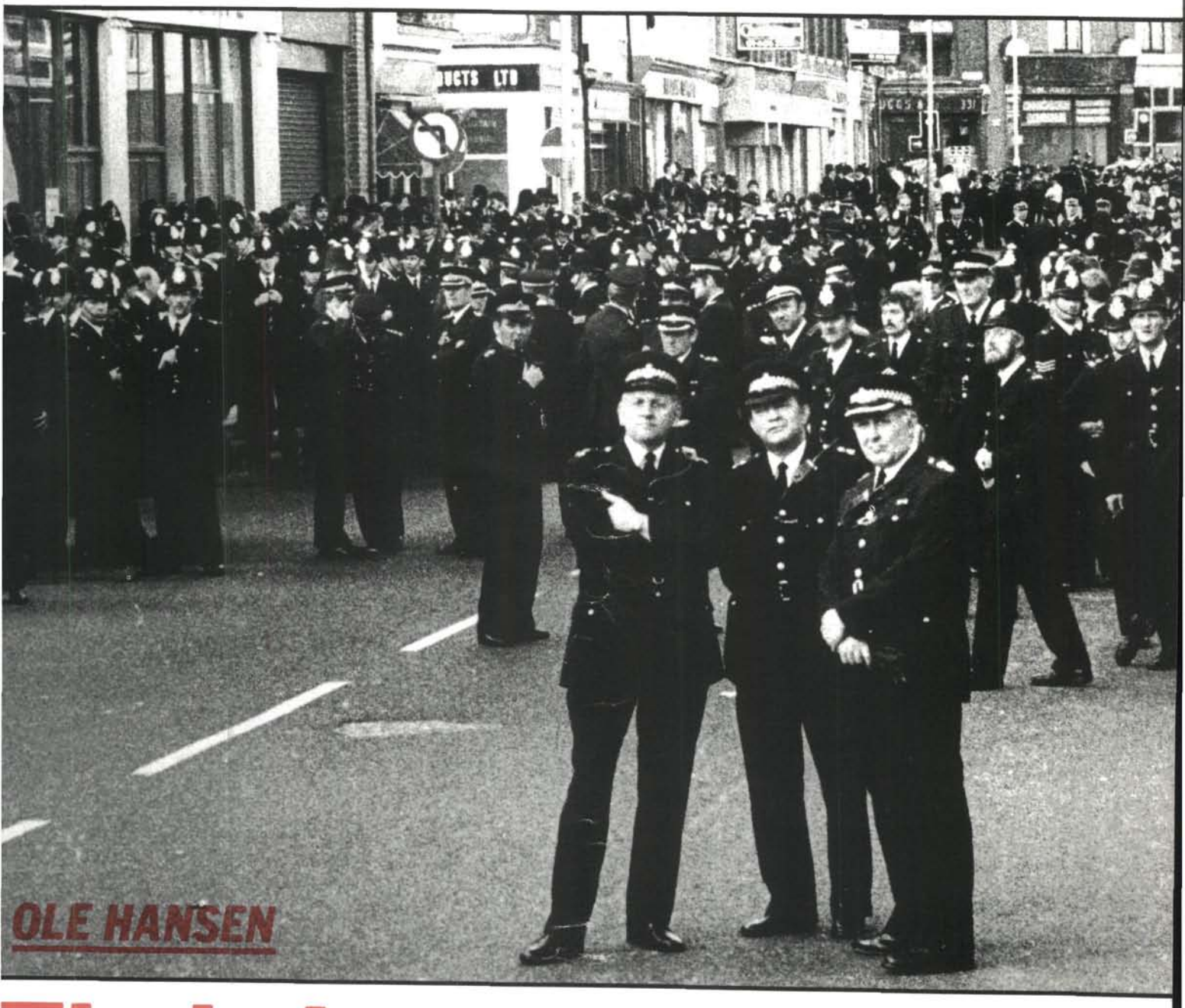

Their law, their order

MELISSA BENN: Jails as mental wards

ANTHONY BARNETT: A painting for CND

BOOKS: Steven Lukes, Bernard Crick, M H Ryle

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Where would we be without the secretions of the Argentine Ant?

The search for new medicines does not, as you may suppose, always begin and end in a laboratory full of weird apparatus and white coated boffins.

Indeed, many major discoveries have been made by apparent *loonies who took it upon* themselves to poke around in the most unlikely places.

And in the case of one antibacterial, this just happened to be the anal gland of the Argentine Ant (*Iridomyrmex humilis*).

A pesky little chap measuring just two millimetres, who, upon detailed examination, was found to be host to no less than 55 chemical constituents. One being the antibacterial named iridomyrmecin after its donor's Latin name. Many of the others are still the subject of minutely detailed scrutiny.

Leaving no stone unturned, in a very literal sense of the phrase, another antibacterial substance was discovered to be doing very nicely in the faeces of the blow fly larvae.

While a soil sample taken in Venezuela (where else?) was found to contain a substance which industry based microbiologists showed to be particularly efficacious in the treatment of typhus and typhoid.

The list goes on. As does the research. But as you will by now have begun to appreciate, screening programmes involved in the search for new treatments and cures are exhaustive to say the least.

Naturally, a lot of leads lead to nowhere. But some provide an invaluable stepping-stone to more research and occasionally to a major breakthrough itself.

One such discovery was the treatment for tuberculosis. A disease once described by Milton as the "Captain of the Men of Death". In 1944, Professor Waksman of Rutgers University, in the USA discovered that the newly isolated micro-organism, "*streptomyces griseus*," produced streptomycin which was very effective against the tubercule bacillus.

However, after about six weeks of treatment, patients began to relapse due to the emergence of strains of tuberculosis which were resistant to the drug. But then in 1946 a Swedish biochemist discovered another drug effective against tuberculosis which, when used with the streptomycin, delayed the development of the resistance.

And so, once further research by the pharmaceutical industry had uncovered an effective and economic means of production, the combined drugs became the standard treatment.

The story, however, does not end there. For in 1952 a third antituberculosis drug, isoniazid, was discovered. *Used in conjunction with the* other two, resistance was usually completely avoided.

The impact was staggering.

Up until the 1950s, "The White Plague" had caused literally millions of deaths each year. Today, death from TB in this country is extremely rare.

All of the hospitals built for the treatment of TB have now been closed or converted. And many of the wards for infectious diseases have been given over to the care of the elderly.

Oddly enough the very same drug, isoniazid, was also responsible for the closure of many psychiatric hospitals and wards. While the drug was being used to treat tuberculosis, it was seen to produce a marked anti-depressant effect.

After further research and development, this led to the establishment of a whole new group of medicines for the treatment of mental illness.

These, together with other recently developed psychotropic drugs, *turned out to be* one of the most striking examples of modern therapeutic success. Today, of the relatively few admissions to psychiatric hospitals, most are short-stay patients who receive active and successful treatment.

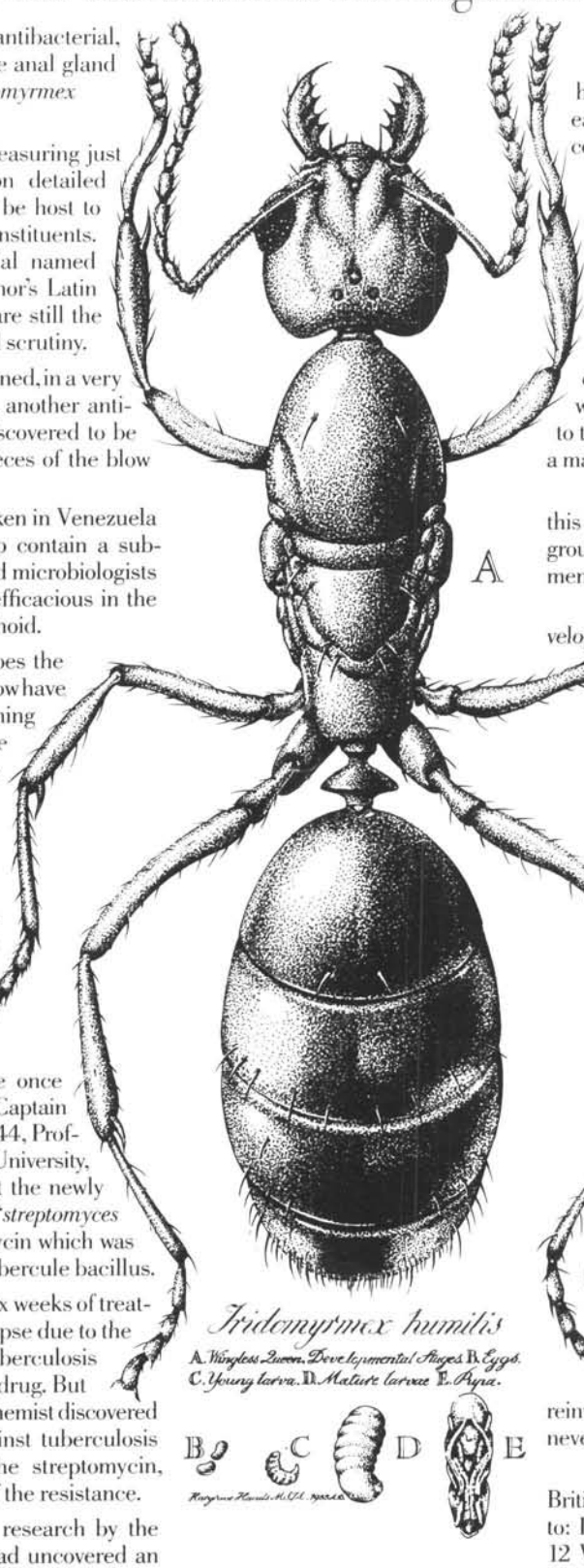
All of this may seem a long way from the secretions of the Argentine Ant. But it is from such humble beginnings and such exhaustive research by universities, doctors, and pharmaceutical companies that these advances are made.

Advances which, in the case of TB and mental illness, have saved the health service vast sums of money by rendering hospitalisation a rarity.

In fact, it is estimated that in 1982, for example, the pharmaceutical industry saved the NHS hospitals at least £1,658 million in England and Wales alone.

Were it not for the funds which the pharmaceutical industry is able to reinvest in research, this kind of saving would never be possible.

If you'd like to find out more about the British Pharmaceutical Industry, please write to: Dr. John Griffin, The ABPI, 12 Whitehall, London SW1A 2DY.



Iridomyrmex humilis

A. Wingless Queen. Developmental Stages B. Eggs. C. Young larva. D. Mature larvae E. Pupa.

The Association of the British Pharmaceutical Industry.

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New Statesman

Cover photo: Ramesh Sharma

Their law, their order
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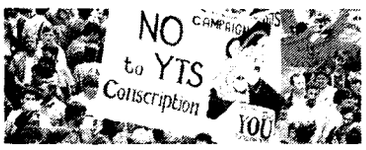
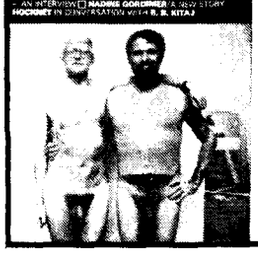
FELIX PIRANI on who's up to what with Star Wars

HOT FOR YOUTH
ADAM LE BOR on the party political pursuit of the youth vote



new review



THE OLD DAYS
Publication of *The New Review Anthology* reminds RUPERT CHRISTIANSEN of reading the magazine in the mid-Seventies and prompts reflections on how different literary journalism was then

BUILDING WITH CARE
JULES LUBBOCK reports on a quiet revolution in NHS building design

New Statesman

Vol 110 No 2848 25 October 1985

Rambo Reagan meets Bettino

ONE OF ITALY'S leading journalists, Giorgio Bocca, writing in Rome's influential daily *la Repubblica* made a telling remark last week about the call that President Reagan made to the Italian Prime Minister Bettino Craxi during the PLO skyjacking.

He recalled 'the telephonic imperatives of another alliance, that between fascist Italy and Nazi Germany; phone calls at midnight and two in the morning in which Hitler informed Mussolini of acts that had already taken place — the invasion of Poland or Russia'. Such 'arrogance and incomprehension', he wrote, are 'signs of a certain imperial mentality', as if an Italian Air Force base did not really belong to Italy, 'but to some kind of protectorate' of the United States.

Had 'Reagan's Rambo justice' — as it is being called in Italy — been limited to snatching the four Arab *Achille Lauro* hijackers in mid-air and turning them over to the Italians, there would have been some criticism of air piracy but most Italians would have seen it as an example of good team work between two close and trusting allies. Italy's increasingly positive diplomacy towards Arab governments and the PLO had been successfully deployed to free 545 hostages in less than 48 hours, with the loss of only one life. The American Sixth Fleet had captured four terrorists and delivered them over to the due process of Italian law.

What actually happened will be seen as a milestone in the steady deterioration of US-European trust. The long, factual and unemotional account of events that Signor Craxi gave last week to the Italian Parliament revealed that the foreign policy of the Reagan Administration is currently in the hands of a group who bring to international relations the ethics and tactics of the Wild West at its B movie worst.

A C-141 lands uninvited and unannounced at Italy's Sigonello air base in Sicily. Fifty Americans of the so called Delta Force, in full combat order and commanded by a general in direct radio contact with the White House, leap out and surround the 50 Italian military who are already guarding the Egyptian plane. A tense armed confrontation ensues between two supposedly close NATO allies. When the Italians later move the Egypt Air Boeing to Rome it is intercepted by a US F-14, which attempts to interfere with the operation and violates Italian air space. Then another US military plane, a T-39 carrying the Delta Force general, demands the right to make an 'emergency' landing at Rome's Ciampino airport in order to get as close as it can to the Egyptian plane that had just landed.

The crass quality of American behaviour throughout this episode — completely ignoring the norms of behaviour between any two sovereign countries, let alone between two NATO allies — has already had results. For the first time in 40 years a normally pliant Italian government has been brought down as a result of its relations with Washington. Signor Craxi, despite being a socialist, has until now been one of Washington's favourite Italian politicians — his standing higher indeed with the Administration and the *Wall Street Journal* than with most Italians, who have found him brusque and heavy handed. Now, by not allowing his country to be pushed around by Rambo, he has transformed his domestic political standing, at least for the moment, into that of a national hero.

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In a longer term context, the episode will have greatly loosened the umbilical cord that has linked Italian public life to the United States ever since the Americans brought democracy and the Mafia back to Italy in the closing stages of the last war. Until now the Italians have unquestioningly supported all aspects of American diplomatic and military policy in the Mediterranean. The Sixth Fleet has its base in Naples. Deployment of cruise missiles at Comiso in Sicily caused less political fuss than deployment anywhere else in Europe.

But now Italians have been brought face to face with the fact that American and European interests are not the same thing. In the leading role that the Italians played in the *Achille Lauro* affair, there was more than a hint that Rome is again beginning to see the Mediterranean as Mare Nostrum. □

After cruise and Pershing

ON 1 NOVEMBER the Dutch parliament is set to vote on the issue of the deployment of 48 cruise missiles in the Netherlands. If, as seems likely, the vote goes narrowly in favour of doing so, not only the Dutch but CND and the whole of the European peace movement will have to come to terms with the fact that the six-year campaign to stop the deployment of cruise and Pershing II missiles in five European countries is over and has failed.

The question now is what positive can be salvaged from that failure and what should be the new focus for European peace movements. The positive point is that, though cruise and Pershing have in the event been deployed, the peace movement has effectively won the political argument. The Dutch People's Petition against cruise has collected 3 million signatures out of a population of 14 million. If the Dutch parliament votes yes, it will do so in the knowledge that public opinion is against it.

For the future, the focus must now be Star Wars. The way the Reagan Administration handled the Strategic Defence Initiative is conclusive evidence, first, that the US no longer bothers to have genuine consultation even with its conservative European allies and, second, that the Reagan Administration has no serious commitment to the substance of arms control.

The extent and significance of the SDI project is not yet grasped by the general public in Europe. Those within the Administration, like Secretary of State Schultz, who would like to preserve the essentials of SALT II and the ABM Treaty have lost out to those who think that Geneva is only a propaganda game.

By the time Reagan ceases to be President, SDI — the largest pork barrel that the US military-industrial complex has ever dreamed of — will have created a vested interest community so entrenched that it will be next to impossible for any future Administration to resist. It must now be the aim of the peace movement to stop Europe being dragged inexorably on American coat-tails into the next decade of the current arms race. □

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A modest proposal about the royals

TWENTY MILLION BRITONS might be wrong but there is not going to be much gainsaying them. That, it is estimated, is the number — roughly a third of the population — that tuned in to Sir Alastair Burnett's television interview with the Prince and Princess of Wales last Sunday night.

It can fairly be guessed that the vast majority neither sat down to watch royalty in a mood of hostility, nor rose afterwards in a state of apoplexy. Though 50 per cent of the British would not have minded abolition of the monarchy in the mid-'30s, according to a poll taken at that time, we are bound to admit that in the mid-'80s republicanism is a deadish duck. The 'firm', as the Duke of Edinburgh reputedly calls his family's undertaking, is in spanking condition.

For two or three years yet it will benefit from the peculiar shadow-play of royalty that has been going on in Downing Street since 1979: the Margaret-Denis-Carol-Mark show, with its subliminal message that *this* is the kind of vulgarly self-seeking 'First Family' the nation would have had if the Buckingham Palace crowd had indeed shut up shop in the '30s. New heights of royalty-fascination can be anticipated just before the next general election if the Queen Mother, 85 this year, is spared, for in May 1987 she will attain her Golden Jubilee.

After that the royal road could get rockier, for a 'Hanoverian' situation is building up. Just as Victoria's Hanoverian uncles nearly finished off the monarchy in the late 18th/early 19th century with their prodigious broods, so the currently groaning nurseries of royal infants, whose every peccadillo risks world publicity, could ultimately snap the patience of the British as we battle on against rising poverty and rising privilege.

In the interim the *New Statesman* has a modest proposal to ensure that pending abolition the Monarchy moves rather more swiftly with the times and continues to afford the only useful social example open to it: matriarchy in action. The next administration should introduce a very slight constitutional alteration, a Bill to place any 'heir female' of the sovereign higher in the succession than any 'heir male'.

The consequences would be simple and agreeable. Anne, who has more than proved her capacities in the Save the Children Fund, would in due course be Queen in succession to her mother; if her mother retired early in her favour, the evidently desirable new constitutional role of Queen Mother would be preserved; Zara would be next in line after Anne; and Diana, with a sigh of relief, could return to Sloane Square. □

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FEW HOLDS BARRED AS POLICE PROTECT SOUTH AFRICAN EMBASSY

LAST SATURDAY'S demonstration outside the South African embassy was the largest and most heated anti-apartheid protest of its kind in Britain for a decade. And it revealed the police using arrest tactics that seemed to go beyond the 'minimum force necessary'. TERRY O'HALLORAN was there

Andrew Moore and (bottom left) Adrian Franklin

Holds like these — and we've been shown photos of them ever since the demo — were much in evidence. They were dreamed up by a 'Korean war hero', says *The Job*

MORE THAN 2000 people set out to surround the embassy, and decorate its walls with pictures, flowers, and placards — in a gesture which had deliberate echoes of those at Greenham Common. According to City AA convenor, Carol Brickley, this had been agreed with the police: 'But they turned up on the day with Commissioner's Directions allowing them to control all pedestrians and traffic. The embassy was encased in steel with police everywhere. They told that only two groups of six people could approach the embassy. This was what caused the sit down.'

Many protestors were students who had deserted a NUS rally in Trafalgar Square to join the City AA event. Contrary to some newspaper reports, the demonstration wasn't organised by the NUS — in fact, some NUS stewards were moving among the crowds ordering students to leave.

The first arrest of the 320 that followed happened when a City AA member tried to deliver a large bloodstained mock cheque of £14 billion — the estimated total British investment in South Africa. Then the mass arrests began. The police used considerable force. I saw demonstrators pulled along by the nose, hair and ears. Some officers were subjecting people to 'wrist-flexing' — bending the wrist sharply back and forward causing severe pain. The technique, based on Japanese martial arts was introduced two years ago and was described by the August 1983 issue of the police newspaper *The Job* as 'visually non-violent'.

After the first wave of arrests missiles were thrown at the embassy: soft drink cans, placards, and bottles of tomato sauce.

At about 4pm the demonstrators — by now about 1500 in number — assembled to march to Rochester Row police station. A group of police officers charged in from Northumberland avenue and began making further arrests.

Obscene abuse

A young black City AA member Charine says: 'They grabbed my leg and I fell over. Then police piled in I was grabbed away with my wrists bent back. They lifted me clear of the ground so that all my weight was on my bent wrists. I was screaming with pain. They called me 'nigger' and 'cunt'.' Other women complained that their clothing was deliberately pulled in a way that amounted to sexual harrassment. A blind black man was seen being forced to the ground.

Press members also came under considerable pressure from the police. Some were threatened with arrest; one was briefly arrested and then released; I was told to 'go away and stay away'. NUJ members have complained on previous occasions about the police behaviour towards the press at City AA events.

But Scotland Yard described police behaviour as 'tolerant, restrained and well-supervised' and said: 'Only sufficient force as was necessary was used to remove those causing the obstruction. We believe the behaviour and restraint shown by officers was exemplary. Demonstrators were entwining themselves but no injury was caused and only minimum force was used.' ●

Special Branch swoops on SWAPO

METROPOLITAN POLICE Special Branch officers have driven a coach and horses through assurances given to MPs by Leon Brittan during the passage of the 1984 Prevention of Terrorism Act (PTA) that it would not be used against representatives of bona fide African liberation movements.

On 22 September Shapua Kaukunga, the Western Europe representative of SWAPO, was detained for more than an hour under the Act by Special Branch officers when he entered Britain through Heathrow. Britain doesn't officially recognise SWAPO as the legitimate representative of the Namibian people — in this it's out of step with the UN, which does — but the Foreign Office has close contacts with its foreign section, and successive

SWAPO's president, Sam Nujoma.

Kaukunga has been based in London since 1976 — with the Home Office's knowledge — and has travelled into Britain seven or eight times this year without difficulty. Special Branch only got involved this time because customs officers searching his luggage discovered a Sri Lankan passport as well as the Sierra Leone one he was travelling on. Special Branch searched his baggage and took away several internal SWAPO documents and three contact books, presumably to be photocopied. Kaukunga says: 'When I asked why they were taking them they said it was confidential. I asked if they were looking for anything special and they said I represented a terrorist organisation and so it was a matter of the PTA.'

Kaukunga believes the copies of

hands of the South African secret police. But more alarming is the clear abuse of the PTA that the incident represents. Originally introduced to counter IRA terrorism on the mainland, the PTA was extended in March 1984 as Middle Eastern struggles began to spread to the streets of London.

Fear vindicated

Civil liberties organisations pointed at the time that the stricter legislation could be used against African liberation movements. But in a letter to Bob Hughes MP, Leon Brittan wrote: 'The position in future will remain exactly as it is now for members and supporters of Southern African nationalist movements. Their position will be secured by advice given to the police'. Good as his word he sent a circular to the Met

used against people suspected of political offences abroad unless they were suspected of committing an offence for which they could be tried *in Britain*, or were likely to be deported for being 'not conducive to the public good'.

The NCCL has taken up the case on SWAPO's behalf and Clive Soley MP, Labour's junior Home Affairs spokesperson, is writing to the Home Secretary.

It's not yet clear whether the Special Branch action was an isolated blunder or represents a difference in policy between the Home and Foreign Offices. But Sir Cyril Philips, former head of the Police Complaints Board, will no doubt want to comment on it in his annual review of the PTA's workings to the Home Secretary prior to the debate on the Act's renewal.

Jo'yce Jenkins

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ENVIRONMENTALISTS BACK THE SANDINISTAS

FRIENDS OF THE EARTH International, a federation of environmental groups from thirty different countries, has decided to dip a tentative toe into world politics by strongly condemning America's 'military and economic war' against Nicaragua. At its annual meeting in Bishop's Stortford last week, the 50 assembled delegates agreed to a motion from FoE USA which also gave unequivocal support to the Sandinista government's 'sound environmental policies'. ROB EDWARDS reports

A DELEGATION from FoE USA visited Nicaragua earlier this year and was very impressed by the government's commitment to reverse the environmental damage done by 70 years of Somoza rule. Policies such as reforestation, the banning of some pesticides, the use of alternative energy sources, agrarian reform, land redistribution and the protection of endangered species are all seen as part of a revolution which is said to have 'recovered the link between people and nature'.

Last week's meeting took its stand after Dr Lorenzo Cardinale, a prominent member of the Association of Biologists and Ecologists in Nicaragua (ABEN), had outlined the devastating environmental impact of the war being waged by the US-backed Contras. 'The fight for peace is also a fight for our environment', he told the meeting, 'and we want you to walk beside us in this fight.'

FoE International chairperson, Mairi MacArthur, admitted that taking such an overtly political stand over Nicaragua did carry risks, but stressed that the decision had been taken primarily for environmental reasons. FoE USA, she said, had become more politicised as a direct result of President Reagan's anti-environmental policies.

ABEN, along with four other groups from Argentina, Poland, Switzerland and Ireland, were all accepted for membership of FoE International, reflecting its growing influence as a transnational network. The recruitment of the Polish Ecological Club, an independent citizens' movement with links to Solidarity, is regarded as a particularly important breakthrough. It's the first time FoE has established a formal relationship with any Eastern bloc country.

The Polish group's representative at the meeting, Dr Zygmunt Fura from Krakow, stressed his country's constitutional obligation to provide a clean and healthy environment. He described how the Polish environmental lobby had won a crucial victory in 1981 when the government was forced to close down part of an aluminium smelter because of fluoride pollution.

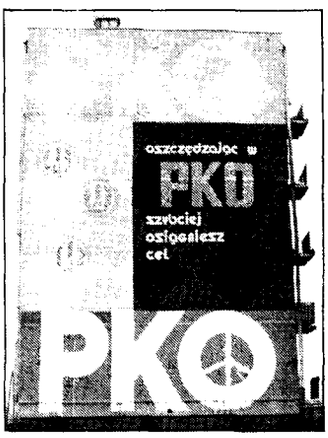
FoE International's main campaign over the next year will be to preserve the world's richest ecological reserve, its tropical rainforests, under threat from development in Indonesia and Brazil. This has been identified as the single most important international environmental issue and the present chairperson of FoE UK, Des Wilson, has been given the job of running the campaign. ●

Poles now less apart

INDEPENDENT POLISH peace organisations associated with Solidarity have made a significant shift towards to the position of Western peace groups.

In the early days of Solidarity most such groups seemed to think that the West's nuclear arsenal was 'a good thing' which offered protection to Eastern Europe. But in a leaflet timed to coincide with CND's Human Race demonstration this Saturday they've called for 'a rapprochement between ordinary people and co-operation between social movements which are independent of political establishments'.

They are also identifying themselves with other groups, including the British miners, which meet violence from the authorities. Two of the leafler's signatories wrote an open letter during the miners' strike protesting against General Jaruzelski's export of coal to Britain.



Katherine Arkell

Polish-style peace graffiti

Another signatory, the paper *Wola* ('Will of the People'), argued earlier this year that peace movements shouldn't just seek the de-nuclearisation of Europe, but its *demilitarisation* too. This mirrors the thinking of other Eastern European peace groups, which focus as much on the demilitarisation of everyday life and resistance to conscription as on the nuclear arms race. ●

Peace Protests Roll Call (20)

Total arrested in UK and Eire since September 1981: 9,604

Arrests to date by location

Faslane Peace Camp, Nr Helensburgh, Scotland 5
21.9.85. 5 arrested on National 'Snowball'. SCCL are investigating allegations of strip searching made by women taking part in 16 September 'Red Action' at Faslane base. Statements have been taken from six women, more are expected.

Carmarthen, West Wales 12
16.10.85. 12 Welsh CND activists who occupied the site of an underground war bunker were evicted by bailiffs wielding hammers who smashed their makeshift shelter.

USAF St Mawgan, US Radio Communications Centre, Cornwall 6
5.7.85. 3 arrested after sunbathing for an hour on rooftop of centre. 3 others lay outside padlocked to gates. Eventually released without charge.

USAF Sculthorpe, Norfolk 63
20/23.9.85. 63 arrested on National 'Snowball'. Charges varied — some reported on charges of criminal damage. Several carted off to police station who cut a second time but not photographed and fingerprinted as usual.

Molesworth USAF Base, Cambridgeshire 2
4.9.85. 2 arrested from a group of fifteen from Notts CND after they successfully removed all the RAF roadsigns. Charged with criminal damage.

20/23.9.85. 72 arrested on National 'Snowball' (10 of whom only broke by-laws by 'decorating'). Majority charged with 'interfering with the fence' — a new charge concocted under the Molesworth by-laws. 72

Brawdy US Submarine Tracking Station, Wales 3
20/23.9.85. 3 arrested on National 'Snowball'.

RAF Cottesmore, Leicestershire 3
20/23.9.85. 3 arrested on National 'Snowball'.

USAF Fairford 7
22.9.85. 7 arrested after cutting or unravelling fence near to a number of huge nuclear-capable B-52 bombers. Released from Cirencester police station on police bail which requires them to return on 21 October to be charged.

Menwith Hill NATO Communications Centre 3
20/23.9.85. 3 arrested on National 'Snowball'. The five people arrested for occupation of a water tower at the centre appeared in court on 27 Sept and 3 Oct. Eight police officers gave evidence. Charges were all dismissed.

Burtonwood USAF Base 11
20/23.9.85. 11 arrested 'Snowball' action. All charged with cr.damage. One person pleaded guilty and was fined total of £70. Others to appear at Warrington Mags. Court on November 4.

Greenham Common. — Correction to figures 1,398
It has been difficult to keep track of the continuous arrests at Greenham especially since Ms. Hill, deputy Clerk of the Court at Newbury stopped me receiving court listings which helped keep track of the vast numbers arrested. A recent MoD figure given to me shows that my figures from January-April were 371 less than the MoD figure and from April to August 85 (which included two mass trespasses) 1027 less! I am therefore adding the figure of 1,398 which is the difference — thank you MoD.

Greenham Common 4th Anniversary, September 125
2 Blue Gate women arrested and charged with causing criminal damage 2
after allegedly decorating a council bailiff with red gloss paint during an eviction.

● CID officers made a discreet 'unofficial' call at Yellow Gate camp 1
to request that certain items taken from the base — sensitive documents, a radio, MoD cameras — be returned to them and no charges would be made. They needn't have worried. Women had already returned the items (minus the documents — which are well scattered to the press by now). The goodies were put in a large black bin liner labelled 'Property of the CID' and left directly outside Newbury Police Station. 'Whatever you do — return the stuff to us — not the civil police,' said the CID before leaving. . . A clatter of women descended on the police station where they had left the bin liner more than 36 hours earlier — to their utter astonishment it was still sitting there! However, as no one trusted the CID enough to be the one to return the bag to them a quick telephone call to the police station soon settled the matter. A Thames Valley bobby grabbed the bin liner within seconds. The MoD/CID have now arrested and charged only *one* of the Greenham women with 'burglary' although the items were returned probably hours before they were even missed. . .

Please send news information to **Janey Hulme** *at the* New Statesman

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Why did solicitors stay in bed?

AN EMERGENCY session of the Law Society's annual conference in Harrogate this week has been analysing why an experiment in South London to make solicitors available in police stations on 24 hour rotas has had such a lamentable take-up.

Fewer than one on 20 suspects brought in to Lavender Hill, Balham, Tooting or Battersea police stations one weekend during the two week experimental period availed themselves of the free service. Local solicitors waiting by their phones were convinced the police had done everything in their power to thwart the scheme, but the police point to forms signed by suspects saying they didn't want legal advice at the police station.

The comparative failure of the experiment is a major embarrassment for both the Law Society and the Lord Chancellor's Department (LCD). A trial run conducted by the Law Society in Birmingham and Northampton earlier this year showed a take-up rate far in excess of the LCD's initial predictions. Lengthy discussions with Treasury ministers freed a further £14 million to add to the £6 million the LCD had original budgeted. But the department then introduced a two-tier payment structure.

The 1984 Police and Criminal Evidence Act distinguished between serious and non-serious arrests. The LCD proposed a flat rate £50 payment for those charged with the so-called non-serious offences, even though they include threatening behaviour, having an offensive weapon and assault on a police officer.

The 24 hour duty solicitor scheme was seen as an essential counterbalance to the increased police powers under the act, so it was particularly embarrassing when a number of solicitors rejected the new payment structure out of hand. 'We are simply not going to get out of our beds in the middle of the night and drive for perhaps forty minutes and hang around a police station for up to three hours for just £50,' said one South London lawyer this week. The experiment has also shown that even when they get paid the higher rate, many solicitors lose money through being unable to work the next day.

Colleagues right across North London as well as in the Dudley area of the Midlands have voted to boycott the scheme altogether so there is unlikely to be any cover at the main central London police stations and very patchy cover nationally when the scheme starts on 1 January.

Kent Barker

YTS gets longer and worse

AS FORECAST (NS 23 August), new funding arrangements for the Youth Training Scheme are going to mean cuts in both places and staff. Now research by the youth unemployment pressure group Youthaid has produced authoritative figures: they reveal that 5,500 young people who need special training won't get it, and 2000 staff who look after them will be made redundant. These figures haven't been challenged by the Manpower Services Commission or by voluntary groups who adminster many of the schemes.

Under the transitional funding arrangements for the new two year system, the 'Mode B' schemes which offer special training for youngsters — predominantly black — in areas where employers either cannot or do not provide enough places, will be phased out. They're to be replaced by an overall approach under which special schemes will attract a higher 'premium' grant. However the number of trainees allowed to join this part of YTS will be cut by 11 per cent from 49,000 to 43,500.

Youthaid say the average grant next year will be £560 less than it now costs to train a young person in Mode B. The MSC admits that the balance

Goodbye to all this. . .

is expected to come both from immediate staff cuts and from employers, partly through charging them a fee for giving young people work experience.

But employers are becoming increasingly reluctant to subsidise trainees. A Sussex University report has shown that companies may provide only half the present number of scheme places when YTS is expanded. It suggests that trainees who drop out will be hard to replace and that some companies will refuse to recruit trainees without minimum academic qualifications. And Youthaid's own survey of large companies running schemes in London, carried out before the new scheme was announced, showed that 76 per cent wanted it to remain at 12 months.

Quentin McDermott

MISCELLANY

Secretly offensive

Mr Chapman Pincher, the well-known right-wing exposé journalist, has just produced a new book called *The Secret Offensive*, a lame, over-the-top and error-ridden compilation of conspiracy theory on KGB influence in the West, based largely on research conducted on behalf of ex-magazine owner Sir James Goldsmith. He argues, for example, that our own Duncan Campbell is, in effect, an unwitting part of the tapestry of Soviet 'active measures' in the West, in that 'the measures he supports and the various detailed disclosures he makes about security, intelligence and American defence activities are welcome to Moscow.' Well, Duncan's efforts at disclosure have indeed been welcome in strange quarters. What, for example, should Sir James Goldsmith be expected to make of the motives of the author of this private letter to Campbell in November 1984? 'Dear Duncan', his correspondent writes, 'oversight [of security and intelligence activities] is urgently required and would result in a reduction of unnecessary government secrecy. I am sure you will concur with the main thrust [of this argument]. *Anything you can do to swell the chorus would be most useful'.* What, more public information on MI5, MI6 and the rest? Honey-sweet news to Moscow Centre, this is. The letter even continued with a positive suggestion as to how Campbell could further curry favour in Moscow. Publicise my 'huge new book' on the British secret service, *Too Secret Too Long*, pleaded the letter writer — a Mr Chapman Pincher.

A real hero

It's a bit late to mention it, but P.C. Keith Blakelock, the officer murdered in the Tottenham riots, was a rather improbable person for the right wing press to elevate into a national hero as they were happily doing two weeks ago. Either they didn't know, or they chose to ignore, a remarkable fact: P.C. Blakelock was a lifelong socialist, and a regular contributor, during the strike, to the Miners' Support Fund.

So dreadfully boring

As we predicted last week, Douglas Bird didn't quite manage to keep his appointment at Saturday's *New Life* conference on racial attacks. The Home Office ummed and ahhed for days, then phoned up at the very last moment to say that the boss wouldn't be coming. So did he send his underling David Waddington instead, as we also predicted? Well, no. A senior Tory backbencher then? Not exactly. Surely they must have sent an MP? Or even — as a very last resort — Jeffrey Archer? 'Fraid not. The sole representative of the Conservative Party was Nirj Deva, prospective parliamentary candidate for Hammersmith. Are there really *no* white Tories interested in racial attacks?

Fragile flowers

'Figuring out what constitutes unfair stress must be pretty stressful itself. At least it's leading to some rather peculiar outcomes. The Kentucky Workers' Compensation Board awarded Gary Pearl, a white sanitation worker in Louisville, maximum benefits and a job change

because he couldn't endure the stress of working with blacks. A woman won an award because she suffered a nervous breakdown when her employer told her she was being transferred.' Thus the latest issue of International Business Week. *For once we are lost for words.*

Tales of old

Oh dear. Some targets of Miscellany's investigative reporting seem incapable of reforming themselves. First among the malefactors, Westminster City Council — prop Lady (Tesco) Porter —which has been conducting a high profile campaign through the courts against GLC posters appearing on Westminster council walls. Now, in the interests of 'general guidance on information and publicity' the council has banned (inter alia) posters that are 'party political *in style*', (eh?) or 'part of a publicity campaign on a scale which given its context, may effectively advance party interests.' In other words no more nuclear free zones, and lots more of the ludicrous, and inaccurate '400 years of Westminster'. Then there's the Vesteys: remember how we told you of the peculiar way in which persons are summoned to the directorial presence in the family firm — too wit, a cuckoo clock-like device which projects a likeness of the director's visage into the middle of the assistants' room? This week we checked with Vesteys as to whether this peculiar practice persists. Sighed their pressperson: 'I am afraid we can't comment on that.' Heavens, what will they comment on?

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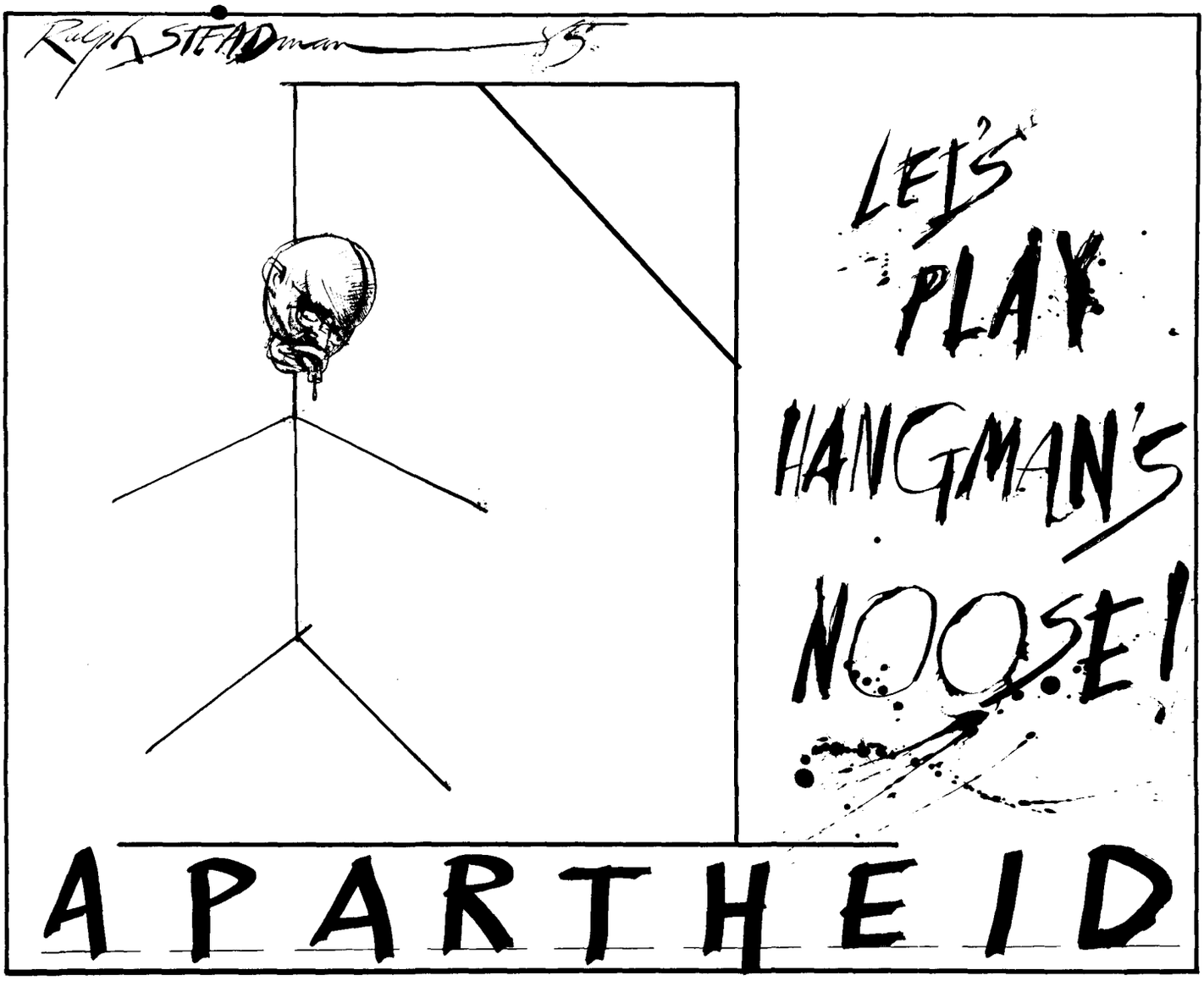
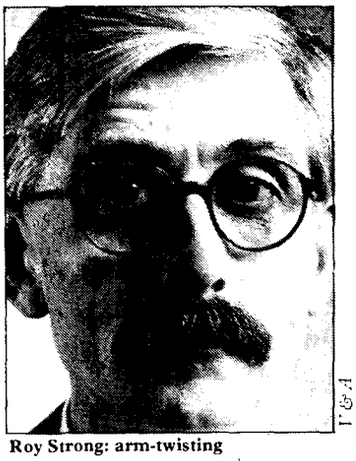


'You can always get in free if . . .



Roy Strong: arm-twisting

'Yet to us, a peculiarly manufacturing nation, the connexion between arts and manufactures is equally important; and for this merely economical reason, were there no higher motives it equally imports us to encourage art in its loftier attributes.'

Which Thatcher knight of the arts is this? Sir Habitat Conran? The defunct Gowrie? Sir Roy Strong Point? In fact we are in an earlier century with the Select Committee on Fine Art which reported in 1841. Sir Robert Peel, asked in Parliament to justify the foundation of a National Gallery of Art, argued that it would keep the vagrants off the streets, and by giving them free access to paintings improve their taste (and everybody else's), thus improving the country's economy. The purpose of the gallery was to 'awaken in the public the sense of fine art as one of the most important branches in human civilisation.'

Government support underpinned the libraries and museums characteristic of 19th century paternalism. Museums as diverse as the People's Palace in Glasgow (for the working-class population, founded in 1898), the Whitworth Art Gallery, Manchester, 'a source of perpetual gratification to the people of Manchester', and the Victoria and Albert museum came into being.

Strange then at a time when 'Victorian values' are constantly invoked that the government should be considering curtailing the opportunity for 'moral blessings of no light character'. Yes, admission charges for museums are with us again. Tried and abandoned by a previous Tory government, they now reappear in a different guise. No charges, but 'voluntary donations'. No 'demanding', just 'asking'. The word is that if the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York can 'suggest' a minimum donation of $4 from its visitors, then as from 4 November the V & A can ask nicely for £2 from each of us, on every visit.

Payment is to be acknowledged by a badge — no badge, and you can say goodbye to your peace of mind for the duration of your stay. For at this moment staff are being trained for the task of persuading the reluctant of the need to 'donate'. Different colour badges for every day means ready detection for cheats and paupers. In South Kensington there are murmurs of protest. V & A attendants are on record as saying that they will distribute badges to all, whether they have 'donated' £2 or no. Users of the National Art Library (the largest art library in the world, housed within the museum) say they refuse to gallop through the forbidden corridors, eyes averted, because they have not paid to see the (publicly owned) treasures in Roy's castle. Influential art collector Denis Mahon wrote to *The Times* to denounce the proposal as 'palpable humbug', which is 'not readily defensible' (let alone legal).

Vain actions, I fear, since the V & A is not the first museum to introduce charges, and is unlikely to be the last. Who is now in charge of the Science Museum but Dr Neil Cossons, triumphant at the introduction of turnstiles at the National Maritime Museum? The old accusation that curators 'love the objects, can't bear the visitors' seems fair.

The way-in charges are no more justified under Thatcher than under Heath. Who should pay entrance charges, only to discover that a favourite painting is on long loan to Tokyo Fine Art Museum? Do charges give you any more control over the idiosyncratic curator who has chosen to paint the walls in shades of madder and vermilion?

The only way round charges would appear to be a pocket guide to the world's museums and art galleries. For you can always get in free, if you know how. For Athens take a scout or guide outfit (they get in for nothing). In Venice groups led by a professor are free — horn rims and Oxfam tweeds? A suitcase full of make-up and disguise kits and any amount of insouciance — and let me know what you try at the V & A.

Jane Jarley

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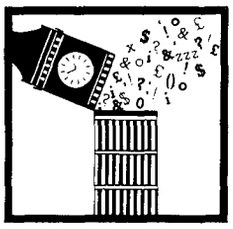


A plain politician's guide to the election battleground

IF, AS I AM SURE you did, you cut out and kept my column of 25 June 1982, you may now discard it. That week I introduced the well-nigh invaluable election aid for the '80s, the *slidometer*. This week I am able to unveil a new improved version, ready and eager to gobble up any opinion poll or election scenario you wish to throw at it.

Traditionally, the swingometer pioneered by the late Robert McKenzie worked along one axis: any given swing between Labour and Conservative would cause this or that number of seats to change hands; for practical purposes the Liberals could be ignored. The swingometer, however, could not handle the dynamics of three-party politics. It is no longer possible to deduce from a single figure — the Labour-Conservative swing — what the next House of Commons will look like; if either or both parties lose votes to the Liberal/SDP Alliance, that will obviously affect the outcome.

In order to map the electoral consequences of shifts in votes, you therefore need to consider how both the Labour and Conservative votes move; the calculation shifts from one dimension to two. Hence the slidometer.

It is simplicity itself to use. Find Labour's percentage on the horizontal axis and draw a line upwards from that point; find the Tories' percentage on the vertical axis and draw a line across. Look at the point where the two lines meet, and hey presto you can see the election result. (I assume throughout that minority parties have 2 per cent; the Alliance's share is, arithmetically, a residual determined by the Tory and Labour shares.) Five examples on the chart show how it works.:

A: Labour 40%, Conservative 30%, Alliance 28%. This is clearly within the zone marked 'Labour overall majority'. The figures are: Labour 350 seats, Conservative 230, Alliance 46, others 24. Labour has an overall majority of 50.

B: Lab 40%, Con 35%, Alliance 23%. This falls just within the zone marked 'Labour minority government'. The figures: Lab 323, Con 279, Alliance 24, others 24. Although Labour lacks a majority, the combined total of Tory and Alliance MPs (303) leaves them short of what they would need; so the Alliance does *not* have the balance of power.

C: Lab 40%, Con 40%, Alliance 18%. Although the votes are equal, the Tories win more seats: Con 314, Lab 302, Alliance 12, others 22.

D: Lab 35%, Con 35%, Alliance 28%. In terms of seats this would mean: Lab 294, Con 291, Alliance 40, others 25. The Alliance now does hold the balance of power: it will be able to create a Commons majority with either Labour or Conservative.

E: Lab 30%, Con 30%, Alliance 38%. The Alliance will have the most votes, but not the most seats: Lab 249, Alliance 215, Con 160, others 26. Again the result is a balance of power, although this time it is the Tories who technically hold the balance. The reality, though, is that any two of the main political groupings can construct a majority.

PETER KELLNER

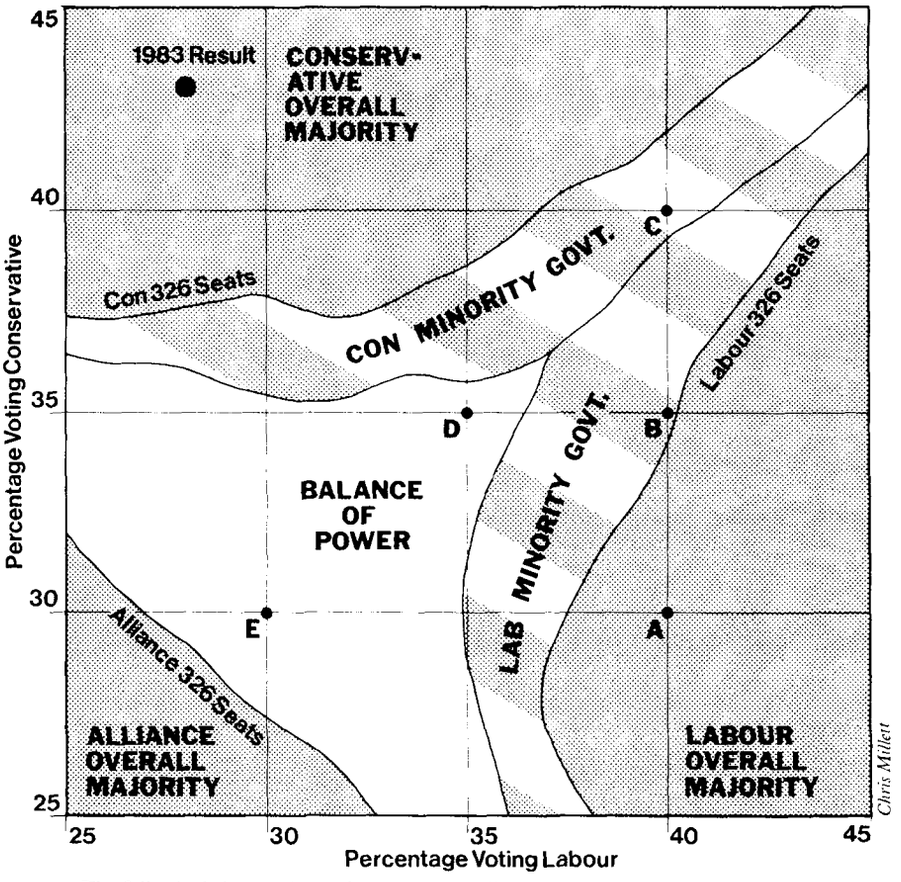
(In the slidometer, and in each of the worked examples above, I assume uniform national movements in votes. In practice movements will vary from place to place but the effect on the numbers of seats won by each party overall is likely to be much the same.)

Some conclusions:

1. Labour needs at least 35 per cent to have any chance of becoming the largest party, and at least 37 per cent to win outright. However, those figures depend on the Tories doing very badly and the Alliance fairly well. In reality Labour needs to aim for 40 per cent — and even at that level, the Tories must have less than 34 per cent (and hence the Alliance at least 24 per cent) for Neil Kinnock to have a clear majority.
2. The Tories are unlikely to remain the largest party if their vote falls below 36 per cent; they need at least 39 per cent to be reasonably sure of outright victory (and then only if Labour stands at 35 per cent or less).
3. For the Alliance to hold a true balance of power, and have the choice of which major party with which to construct a Commons majority, its aim must be to keep both Tory and Labour support to 35 per cent at most. If *either* of the major parties achieves more than 35 per cent, the probability is that the Alliance will not hold the balance.
4. For the Alliance to win outright, it needs 41 per cent of the vote. If it reaches this level, it makes little difference how the remaining votes are distributed (assuming Labour retains at least 25 per cent and the Tories at least 21 per cent support).

Happy plotting. □

Who governs? How votes translate into seats in Parliament



The fully shaded areas show when one party will have an overall majority in the House of Commons. If the voting figures fall into the partially shaded areas, there is likely to be either a Conservative or a Labour minority government.

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THE ARMLOCK OF THE LAW

As Thatcher promises *any* equipment the police may require, the powers conferred under 1984's Police & Criminal Evidence Act start coming into operational effect and Public Order law is to be 'strengthened'. OLE HANSEN examines the gross inflation in the State's powers to interfere with the citizen on the street and in the home

IN A SPIRAL of escalation a growing stockpile of new legal powers and criminal offences accompanies the increasingly paramilitary organisation of British police forces. Extended powers granted by the Police and Criminal Evidence Act 1984 will encourage oppressive and confrontational policing which on any analysis has sparked serious civil disturbances in our inner cities over the last few years. New criminal offences proposed in the White Paper on the Review of Public Order Law (May 1985 Cmnd 9510) will increase the scope for the use of those powers and for stifling organised demonstrations of political dissidence.

The 1981 Brixton disturbances, Lord Scarman found, were caused in large part by the way in which police used their stop and search powers — powers of 'low visibility' difficult for senior officers or the courts to supervise. Stop and search powers lend themselves to differential law enforcement: young people in general and young black people in particular are stopped more frequently by the police than others.

The Policy Studies Institute report into the Metropolitan Police, *Police and People in London*, published 1983, found that officers recorded fewer than half the 1.6m stops they carried out in London each year. That survey also found that only one in 12 stops led to a suspect being reported, summonsed or arrested. The British Crime Survey (1983) found that 52 per cent of young men said they had received impolite treatment from the police; 20 per cent reported improper police behaviour.

New legislation should therefore *remove* or severely restrict these powers. Instead, Section 1 of the Police and Criminal Evidence Act, coming into force on 1 January 1986, does the opposite. It will create enhanced powers to stop for suspected possession of 'prohibited articles' — which can include almost anything — and mean that *more* innocent people, and especially more young black people, will be stopped on the streets.

Four years ago 'sus' — the offence of being a person suspected of being about to commit a crime — was abolished after all-party pressure and evidence that it had been used in a discriminatory manner against the Afro-Caribbean community. The abolition we can now see was clearly a liberal aberration. The White Paper on Public Order (para 3.26) proposes its replacement with an even more vague offence than 'sus', one which will enable police to define the limits of socially acceptable behaviour at any time or place. 'Disorderly conduct' would cover behaviour which falls outside the 'threatening behaviour' category of the Public Order Act 1936 because it is not likely to cause a breach of the peace. Under the new proposals behaviour would be an offence if it caused substantial alarm, harassment or distress: a subjective test.

Report

'He doesn't *look* like my solicitor'

As even the White Paper has to admit: 'it is not easy to define the offence in a manner which conforms with the normally precise definitions of the criminal law, but which at the same time is sufficiently general to catch the variety of conduct aimed at'. Two lawyers writing to *The Times* commented that the Home Secretary 'wants to improve inner city life by making criminals of youngsters who act in a rowdy manner'.

The new offence, says the White Paper, will not need to carry a specific power of arrest. That is because after 1 January, under the Police and Criminal Evidence Act section 25, the police will be able to arrest for any offence, no matter how trivial. Dropping litter will do if the 'general arrest conditions' are satisfied. These include: that the officer does not believe the suspect has given a correct name and address; or the suspect is committing an offence against public decency or an obstruction of the highway.

THE SHOOTING of Mrs Groce and the death of Mrs Jarrett and the 1985 disturbances in Brixton and Tottenham followed on police searches of private homes. No one who has followed the course of inner city policing would

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have been surprised. In March 1982 a black family in Stoke Newington was awarded £51,000 damages in the High Court for the way they had been treated when the Metropolitan Police invaded their home. In my own experience as a solicitor in Hackney during the 1970s, the arrogance and brutality of the police during house searches did as much as 'sus' and stop and search in the street to alienate the staunchly pro law and order older generation of the Afro-Caribbean community.

House searches are also encouraged by the Police and Criminal Evidence Act. The Act confirms that if the police arrest someone for an 'arrestable offence' — one carrying potentially more than five years' imprisonment, which includes, for instance, all thefts — they may search that person's home without the need first to obtain a search warrant (section 18). They may seize evidence of *any* offence which they happen to find as a result (section 19). In this way they will be able to get round the Act's complex provisions on search warrants.

That they will take advantage of this loophole cannot be in doubt. Academic research published in the *Criminal Law Review* last year showed that 240 searches of premises out of a sample of 289 had been made without a warrant using the common law power now enshrined in section 18. The authors, one of them a former police inspector, quoted a senior detective: 'There would be something wrong if local detectives working their own patch had to get a warrant to search the houses of local villains'.

Now that the practice has received the sanction of Parliament it is likely to become more prevalent. But it is not the only provision in the Police and Criminal Evidence Act which will lead to more searches of homes. Section 8 empowers magistrates to grant warrants to search the homes of perfectly innocent people not suspected of any crimes if the police 'reasonably' believe that evidence 'likely to be of substantial value' in the investigation of a serious arrestable offence will be found.

Those who want to protest about this sort of police behaviour — or about anything else — may soon find that if they want to do so collectively, i.e. by way of public protest, they will need the prior agreement of . . . the police. According to the White Paper on Public Order the aim of the police in the future will be to ensure that demonstrators do not cause 'undue inconvenience to the rights of others' (para 4.1). To enable the police to protect the 'rights and freedoms' of this 'wider community' new legislation will require at least seven days' notice of any march (para 4.3). Any organiser in breach of this would face a £400 fine. This new requirement, argues the White Paper, will be a 'trigger' for organisers to agree the route of a demonstration with the police. The requirement, it is asserted, would underline the organisers' responsibilities and reduce pressure and expense on the police.

NONE OF THESE justifications holds water. The police themselves admit that 85 per cent of organisers inform police in sufficient time and that the other 15 per cent are usually those who will cause trouble anyway. The Home Office has no evidence that the absence of a requirement to notify has caused any problems. So we are left with a justification based on cost and inconvenience — which we hear little about when it is caused by state pageantry — and a reason which the White Paper does not mention: that the notice requirement will extend police control over political protest.

What is to happen when the cause of the protest is a sudden event which leaves too little time for seven days' notice? When the protest is over a child who has been killed on a notorious rat run or a woman who has died during a police raid on her home? Well, the organisers can ask the police for permission to hold the march and when that is refused take their chances in the courts; using as a defence that they had given as long notice as was practicable.

Whatever the length of the notice, the government wants to give the police greater powers to impose conditions. The police will be able to restrict the numbers taking part in a demonstration, the choice of location and the duration, whether it is a march or a meeting in the open air. In what the White Paper calls 'a libertarian safeguard' the police's present power to impose conditions to avoid serious public disorder under S 3(1) of the Public Order Act 1936 is to be extended to prevent 'unreasonable disruption to local residents, other users of the highway and adjoining shops and businesses' (para 4.22) or coercion of individuals (para 4.23).

Failure on the part of demonstration organisers to comply with conditions laid down by the police — whether given in advance or by whoever is in charge on the spot — does not at present give rise to a specific power of arrest. The White Paper suggests that it should and that 'organisers and inciters' should be subject to heavier penalties: three months' imprisonment and/or a fine of £1,000.

The relationship between police practice and changes in the law is neither simple nor direct. The changes enacted in the Police and Criminal Evidence Act and those proposed in the White Paper in the main reflect developments in police practice which have already taken place. In some respects the new laws have already been superseded — for instance by the notorious manual from the Association of Chief Police Officers which has abandoned the notion of reasonable force in arresting *offenders* and instead instructs riot squads how to set about 'incapacitating' *demonstrators*. In such circumstances the law is only a loose framework for police action. But it is a framework for all that, and greater latitude for the police approved by Parliament after all the normal rituals of consultation can only be an encouragement to greater excess.

More and bigger riot squads will be out in force and — unless the spiral is stopped — more repressive laws will be passed to legitimise their actions. □

POLICE TACTICS IN TOTTENHAM

POLICE INVESTIGATIONS into the Tottenham riots have been conducted in gross violation of legal procedures. And this has taken place in districts where the Metropolitan Police claim to be 'trying out' the new provisions of the Police & Criminal Evidence Act 1984 and accompanying codes of practice, due to come into force on 1 January 1986.

Juveniles, some as young as 13 years of age, have been held for more than 36 hours. This violates the rule that no one should be held for more than 24 hours, except in exceptional cases, and after 36 hours a magistrates' authority should be obtained if a suspect is to be held for any longer. One 20 year old was arrested at 8.30 on Friday evening on suspicion of having a forged tax disc. He was taken to Winchmore Hill Police Station.

Later that evening his mother travelled to Winchmore Police Station but police refused to give her any information at all about her son. When she asked if she could see him she was told that he was 'asleep'. The following morning solicitors instructed by her were told by the police that they could give them no information at all, and they refused to confirm or deny where he was being held. The police maintained this stance even after complaints were made to the complaints division at New Scotland Yard. The police refused to allow the solicitor access to the suspect. He was eventually charged with an offence relating to the tax disc and released on the Saturday afternoon after being held for nearly 24 hours.

Another case concerned an 18 year old who was arrested on a Friday morning. The police refused to give any information to his parents and also refused to give any information at all to solicitors the parents instructed. Police refused to allow the solicitor to see him until after he was eventually charged with burglary offences nearly 36 hours after his original arrest.

A social worker in the area was contacted several times by the police and asked if she would be present during interviews with a number of juveniles. She told the police that a number of volunteer solicitors were willing to attend but was told by one officer 'we don't need any bloody solicitors — they'll only stop the kids from talking'. When the social worker explained that she was going to take advice, she was told that her presence was not needed and that they would be using representatives from a local police liaison committee.

Another social worker was contacted and asked if he would be present at an interview with a 13 year old. He said that he would take legal advice. Officers contacted him later and asked him to divulge the advice he had received. He told the police that he would want to be sure that the juvenile was aware of his rights whereupon he was told by the police 'in that case we don't need you'.

A solicitor was instructed by the mother of this child to make representations to the police. Some 36 hours after this juvenile had been arrested the solicitor demanded access to him as prescribed by the new Act and codes. He was told 'you are wasting your time'. He had also been told that senior officers in the Metropolitan Police had ruled that 'no solicitors are being allowed during this investigation'. This solicitor was eventually able to see this 13 year old some 55 hours after his original arrest. He had therefore been detained and questioned during this period without access to independent advice. A number of official complaints had been lodged.

The new Act introduces a major extension of police powers of investigation. These new powers are supposed to be balanced by the provision of strict statutory time limits for detention, statutory rights to see solicitors except in exceptional and specific cases and the maintenance of full written detention records. Events in Tottenham, coupled with the police hostility to the new safeguards in the Act, displayed in recent meetings of the Police Federation and the most recent meeting between Sir Kenneth Newman and Metropolitan Police officers, show that there is little incentive to the police to observe these new safeguards and that in many cases the safeguards will be as illusory as those that were supposed to exist before the new Act and codes.

Jim Driscoll

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CULTURAL SPACE

DIZZY PACE IN WOMEN'S PUBLISHING

There's a flurry of activity in women's periodicals. SUSAN ARDILL and SUE O'SULLIVAN explore this week's birth of *Women's Review*

FROM A SPARKLE in two women's eyes 16 months ago, into the public eye this Thursday 24 October, is not bad going for the realisation of an idea whose time is now, if ever. The idea made readable is *Women's Review*. 48 monthly pages of book reviews, views on the arts, popular culture and politics plus new fiction and poetry, it promises that 'too much of a good thing can be wonderful'.

There's been a flurry in publishing for women this autumn. In the popular and cut-throat newsstand magazine world, *Elle* has appeared, fostered by the *Sunday Times*, *Company* has reappeared, young women's magazines have become as thick on the ground as, well, young women. Beside them are new cross-gender magazines like *The Hit* and the older *Face*. And *Spare Rib*, the only newsstand women's liberation magazine, has been relaunched this week to compete in an 'updated feminist way' for young women interested in but not yet caught by feminism.

As the dust settles, it's clear that a number of very different things have been going on. *Elle*, the relaunched *Company*, battling *Honey*, confident *Cosmo*, the spurt of young women's publications, cross-gender signallers like *The Face*, even apparently 'different' *Working Woman*, are part of a storm in the same old teacup. Big business is the uneasy or arrogant lover. For these magazines are, in their different fashions and acknowledgments, part of the glossy ad world.

Their editorial contents may at times be disruptive, even radical, but only on the edges and in the cracks already manifesting themselves in British social, economic and cultural relations of the '80s. For them 'post feminism' is an appropriation of the cultural space feminism opened up minus most of the politics.

It isn't coincidental that *Spare Rib* is relaunching now. Started in 1972 as an alternative women's magazine, it continues to see itself, at least partially, as that, hoping to reach, engage, hook the women who search mainstream magazines for a recognition of their own dreams, needs, aspirations. . .and are unsatisfied. *Spare Rib* exists in an oppositional relationship with mainstream women's magazines. It enters the same terrain of love, work, family and health but from the perspective of changing them. It pokes a tiny hole in the edifice of the universality of the 'woman' of women's magazines.

Women's Review is significantly different. It is not primarily an intervention into the women's magazine world. It's inspiration was in the phenomenal growth of feminist publishing. Not only have houses like Virago and The Women's Press grown steadily, small independent ones like Sheba and Onlywomen have secured their footholds in publishing. And the big publishing houses now have their own feminist imprints like Pandora, or impressive feminist lists, like Methuen's.

The women who started *Women's Review* saw all this in a pleasurable flash at the feminist bookfair in June 1984. And they wondered, where was the woman space/place for writing *about* all these books and ideas? Its original book review brief (patterned after the American *Women's Review of Books*) has since been altered to fit the British scene. The emphasis is now as much on a wide appreciation of the arts and popular culture. But *Women's Review* is not launching itself into the women's magazine world. Rather, it sits firmly facing the intellectual marketplace, and is a challenge and addition to the male-dominated literary, arts and politics publications.

Like all good ideas, such a magazine gives rise to the question 'why hasn't anyone thought of this before?' and who knows, maybe the idea has crossed some feminist minds in the past. But the hegemony of cultural politics on the left and within feminism has not always been so assured. *Women's Review*, although at first glance quite separate, may in fact be a distant cousin to magazines like the new *City Limits*, *The Face* or *Square Peg*. Style, image, questions of representation. . .all these have become increasingly the arena for a fascinated radical discourse.

The boom in feminist publishing just might be the slip side of all that: feminist activity has increasingly looked in danger of being swallowed whole by feminist creativity.

IT MIGHT BE too crude to link all this too directly to the stagnation and despair of radical activism in these terrible times. But if not flipsides, they're made of the same coin. Imaginations are running riot, and there's a market for them. Analysis is becoming painfully acute and it needs a place to sit; — and make no mistake, there are women journalists of a very high calibre, contributors to all those other magazines, who are ready to rush to *Women's Review*.

Although it's apparent that *Women's Review* is committed to writing by black women and lesbians, the target readership is as far from the bulk of black and working-class women — straight and lesbian — as could be. 'Our readership will be drawn from women consumer classes ABC1, and from those who have been in higher education till 19+' (*WR* Prospectus). What does this mean beyond the obvious contradiction it presents, about the commercialisation of certain issues, about who reads what and why?

Women's Review is a co-operative, broken down into editors, production, design, business and advertising. All of them skilled and literary women. They state that 'As a co-operative we are opposed to all oppression, whether on grounds of race, gender, class, age, sexuality or disability. We are committed to celebrating the pleasures and richness of the work from women of all backgrounds.' And elsewhere: 'We will question and debate issues, not pronounce upon them. Contributors will express their own views although we will not carry sexist, racist or homophobic material. . .'

Five years ago, any group setting up such a paper would have had to agonise over structures: who would it be accountable to, who would write for it, how would the group who ran it constitute itself? Those parts of the women's liberation movement critical of anything which looked like moving towards commercialism still held sway.

At this point the relative 'facelessness' of the *Women's Review* co-op is probably part of its pre-publication success in attracting a wide range of writers. If the women setting it up had been identified strongly with one 'feminism' or another everyone else would be a hell of a lot more suspicious than they appear to be now.

Presumably the politics of the magazine *will* manifest themselves as time goes by. It will be interesting to see if *Women's Review* runs into the storms which assailed *Spare Rib* around race, class, sexuality. Perhaps constituting yourself as an editorial board means you don't set yourself up for expectations of accountability. Perhaps operating in the world of ideas and culture, rather than campaigns and personal experiences, distances the magazine from some of the present divisions in the women's liberation movement.

In the last few years publicists and (male) cultural pundits have been falling over each other in their rush to describe things as 'post feminist'. *Women's Review* happily situates itself firmly within feminism — although the pre publicity has unnecessarily persisted with references to avoiding the 'feminist ghetto'. Let's hope they don't play safe with the respectable side of women's studies' literary criticism. Here's looking forward to some risky, contentious and exciting women in print. Keep your fingers crossed. □

Susan Ardill works part-time for Spare Rib *and* Relay *(a radical radio magazine). Sue O'Sullivan works part-time for Sheba Feminist Publishers and is on* The Feminist Review *Collective. The* New Statesman *has helped finance the launch of* Women's Review *and will act as distributor.*

This England

£3 Book Tokens for entries printed. For the next few weeks, winners will also receive a Pet Hate effigy

. . The choir of Bridgwater Parish Church went in at the deep end on their summer visit to Southwell to sing the services in the Minster recently. They gave a spontaneous performance in the local swimming-baths, breaking into Pitoni's 'Cantata Domino', with organist and choirmaster Mr Geoffrey Bond conducting in the water. — *Church Times* (Leonard Cox)

Fire chiefs in Cambridgeshire have launched a recruitment drive for more part-time fire fighters and hope housewives can help. They say that mothers at home may find it easier to turn out for emergencies than men and women at work. — *Daily Telegraph* (G. M. Moger)

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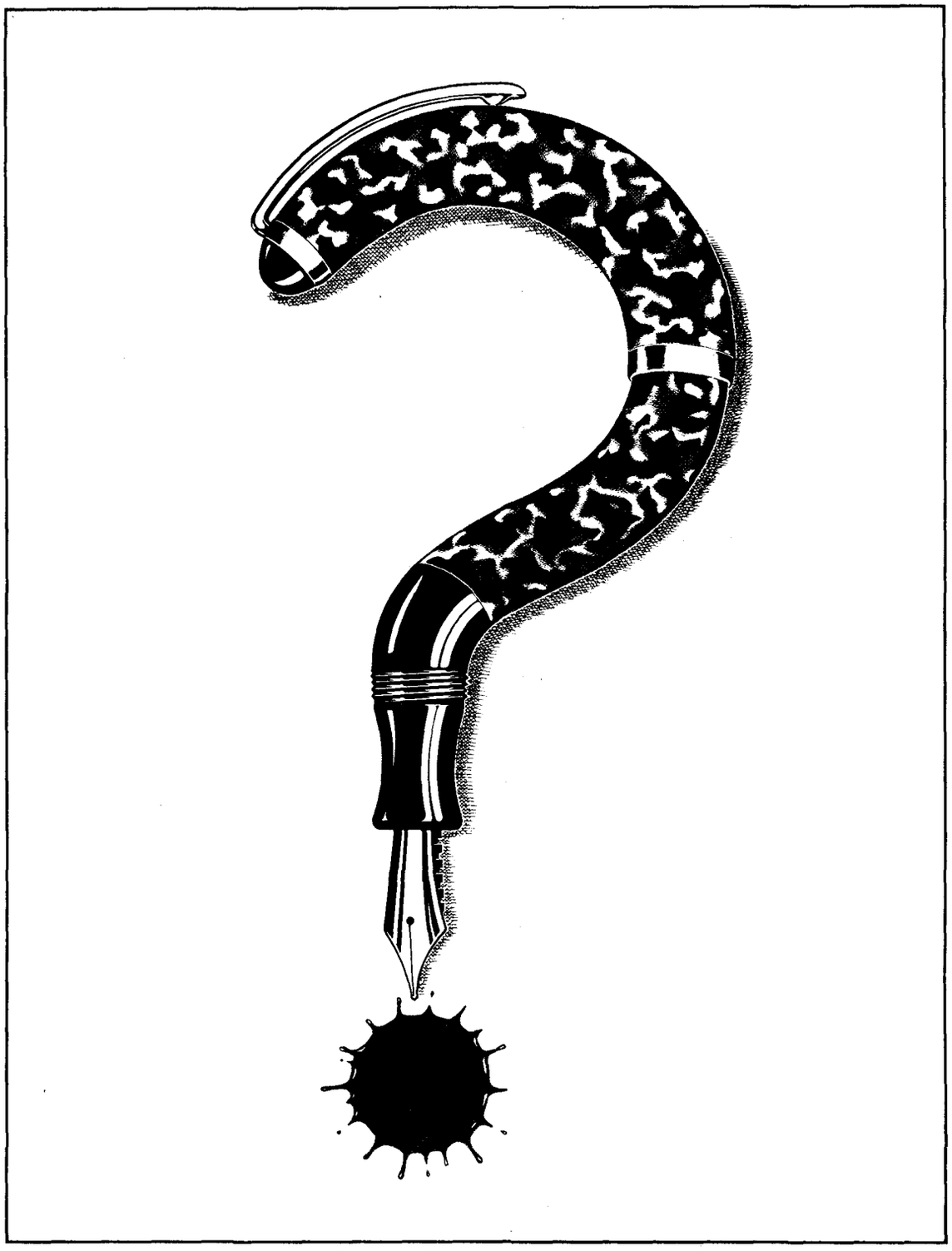

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MEMBERS' MOOD HAS SHAKEN THE LEADERS

What we've seen so far in the year-long teachers' dispute could yet be 'child's play' compared to the actions teachers might have to take in 1986, forecasts BARRY HUGILL

Both photos: Camera Press

Left: Galvanised by paper darts from the back of the class, Fred Jarvis of the NUT. Right: teeny-bopper Chris Patten (b.1944) legman for 'Serkeef' — tipped as Joseph's successor

THERE'S NOTHING QUITE like an industrial dispute to revitalise a jaded trade union leader. A year ago Fred Jarvis, the National Union of Teachers' (NUT's) long serving general secretary, looked down and almost out. He had missed most of the 1984 pay campaign after a road accident and his deputy, Doug McAvoy, was getting more than his fair share of the headlines. Jarvis is due to take over as TUC chair next year and many thought that he would follow that with early retirement.

They aren't thinking that any longer. In February, when industrial action began, the general secretary favoured a quick settlement. He had no stomach for a fight and wasn't sure that his members had. The miners had been badly defeated and he wasn't alone in thinking that if Mrs Thatcher could see off Arthur Scargill she would lose little sleep over Fred Jarvis.

Colleagues say that Jarvis has been radicalised late in life. He was furious at the Top People's pay award of July 1985 and is incensed by Sir Keith Joseph's inflexibility. He believes that the teachers can win. In the past few weeks they have split the management, even Conservative-run Solihull pleading with Education Secretary Joseph to settle. Now Joseph's predecessor, Mark Carlisle, has publicly conceded the justness of the teachers' case.

Others are not so confident. Over the last few days I have spoken to teachers, officials of the other unions, and management representatives. Not one of them is prepared to predict with any confidence the outcome of the dispute. My guess is that there will be a settlement just before Christmas in the region of 6.9 per cent, 'end-loaded' to about 8 per cent by the end of the financial year in March. But arbitration, or a continuation of the dispute into the New Year, cannot be ruled out.

In August Joseph changed the constitution of the teachers' panel on Burnham, the body that negotiates teachers' pay. The NUT has lost its majority and, for the first time, the other five unions will be in a position to make a settlement of their, not the NUT's, choice. There is some evidence that the second largest union, the National Association of Schoolmasters/Union of Women Teachers (NAS/UWT), is prepared to drop the demand that any settlement this year must include a commitment to the eventual restoration of Houghton.

Houghton, shorthand for the committee of that name which in the 70s awarded pay increases to teachers ranging from 29 to 35 per cent, conjures up images of a lost golden age. To get back to that level the teachers would need a settlement this year of around 34 per cent. Nigel de Gruchy, the deputy general secretary of the NAS/UWT, is now criticising the NUT 'for giving industrial action a bad name'. He says that it makes no sense to demand a commitment to restore Houghton 'when you are on the brink of achieving something respectable'. He fears that if the dispute is prolonged it might prove difficult 'to get the troops out when it matters'.

It could be, however, that de Gruchy is misreading the situation and that Jarvis is more in touch with classroom feeling. Several NAS/UWT associations are unhappy at what they perceive to be a lack of militancy on the part of the leadership; a leadership that could be in difficulty if it is seen to have lost its nerve. The NUT could well pick up some of its disgruntled members.

Towards the end of November the new look Burnham teachers' panel will meet and it is then that the NUT could be outvoted if the other unions go for a settlement. Traditionally at the end of every pay round the NAS/UWT yells 'sell out' at the NUT. As long as its vote didn't matter it could do this with impunity, upping its demands to make it appear more militant and representative of the ordinary class room teacher, knowing full well that the NUT majority would ensure a settlement and it would not be called on to match its words with action. As from now it is the NUT that will be in a position to make that charge against the other unions.

SIR KEITH'S lasting contribution to education may well be the remoulding of the NUT into something much more like the NAS/UWT. There has always been a division within it between the 'educationalists' — usually, but not always, associated with the right — who believe that the NUT should be concerned about much more than bread and butter issues; and the 'trade unionists' who think pay and conditions of paramount importance.

The minister has seriously undermined the standing of the former 'educationalists' group. He axed the Schools Council, the major forum for educational debate within the profession. He set up a body to advise on teacher training which included a *Financial Times* journalist but no teachers; and has pressed ahead with plans to change the examination system after scant consultations with the unions. The final straw has been his treatment of teachers throughout this dispute as if they were half-wits. Teachers can read and do simple arithmetic and it was the height of insensitivity to imply, as he did last month, that most of them would be happy to accept the government's offer if only they understood it.

No one to whom I spoke last week would speculate on the outcome of this dispute. But they were happy to talk about next year. From trade union activist to local government official there is agreement that there is not the remotest possibility of agreement over a new contract for teachers as long as Joseph is in charge. It is widely assumed that, sooner rather than later, he will be elevated to the Lords or appointed Minister for Thought, with no responsibility for anything that matters. Chris Patten, the young smoothie recently appointed his number two, is expected to take over. On the management side there is pessimism about the possibility of any new contract emerging from within Burham and there is much support for the appointment of an independent third party. The proposal from the management for a Royal Commission, rejected by the NUT, isn't quite as daft as it sounds.

There is a consensus that this year's dispute is child's play compared to what is to come. Last week the Educational Institute of Scotland (EIS), the Scottish teachers' union, balloted its members on future action. Eighty-seven per cent voted for a total examination boycott next year. It is now likely that the exam boards will cancel all SCE (Scottish 'O' level) and CSE exams in Scottish schools. Deprived by Sir Keith Joseph of its dominant role the NUT will be looking to the North with renewed interest. Anything the Scots can do, we can do better, could well be the rallying cry at next year's annual conference. □

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JAIL OR HOSPITAL — NOBODY WANTS THEM

Prison officers and prisoners' representatives join hands on one issue — that prison is no place for the mentally disturbed. MELISSA BENN tells why despite that 'weary consensus' nothing gets done

IT IS AN INDICATION of the stagnation of British prison policy and practice that certain issues never disappear, only re-appear in new guise. The exposure of conditions on Holloway's psychiatric wing C1, and the account by Audrey Peckham (*New Statesman* 21 June) of her *lack* of psychiatric treatment in prison, are only new and vivid reminders of an old problem — the imprisonment of the mentally ill or disturbed.

The average prison population has risen steadily in the last few decades with an unprecedented leap in the last two years, from 43,500 in 1983 to 48,000 in July of this year. While it is impossible to estimate the number of mentally ill people in prison, studies done have indicated that rates of mental *handicap* are much higher in prison than in the outside world, with figures given ranging from between 14-45 per cent of the prison population. A 1980 study of sentenced prisoners in a South East England prison suggested that 48 per cent were suffering from some disorder, ranging from neurosis, alcoholism, drug-dependency, personality disorder, to schizophrenia. Translated onto the national scale, we could estimate that about 23,000 of the prison population have some kind of mental problem.

The House of Commons social services committee is currently inquiring into the Prison Medical Service, including its psychiatric role, and its findings are unlikely to disrupt the weary consensus that prison is not the place for the mentally ill, and alternatives should be found. It is a view shared by groups as far apart on the political spectrum as the National Prisoners Movement (PROP) and the Prison Officers Association (POA).

The POA position is one of stark self interest: the mentally ill are a threat to their members in an already uncontrollable environment. Phil Hornsby, assistant general secretary of the POA, argues that some mentally disturbed offenders have 'been behind some major acts of concerted ill discipline', a clear reference to recent prison riots. He says 'in the last four, five years the POA have been continually pressing the Home Office in meetings with them. One of the things we always come back to [is] what are you doing about the mentally ill? We just can't cope with them'.

The POA are a powerful lobby in prison terms, and theoretically the Home Office are in agreement with them. Why does nothing change?

The problem has two distinct dimensions. The first involves those few hundreds of prisoners who are defined as mentally disordered under the Mental Health Act (1983) and who warrant compulsory detention and treatment in a hospital. The difficulty lies in finding them hospital places, either directly from the courts, or once in prison. NHS cuts, and decreases in beds available, mean many hospitals are unwilling to take violent 'offenders'. Sarah Forster, barrister and expert on mental health, says 'resources are so scarce that they will not take "difficult" patients. Even when a consultant *is* willing to make a bed available, the unions might veto it.' Hospitals are not legally obliged to make places available although Regional Health Authorities (RHA) can be summoned to court to explain why not. This provision is used only very occasionally: pressure can sometimes more effectively be put on the local health authority using publicity, 'shaming' them into taking a patient.

Special Hospitals like Rampton or Broadmoor are traditionally the places for the uncontrollable or excessively violent. But they have considerable overcrowding problems themselves and, according to Sarah Forster 'are often reluctant to take prisoners who are not "treatable". There has definitely been a change in the way Broadmoor sees itself... it's changed from being a dumping ground to only taking certain categories of patients'. It is thought now that the development of a professional 'special relationship' between the new head of the Prison Medical Service (PMS), John Kilgour, and Dr Hamilton, head of Broadmoor, will ease transfers from prison to Special Hospitals.

The need for secure beds in institutions other than prison or hospital was recognised as far back as 1974, when the Butler Committee recommended the urgent establishment of Psychiatric Regional Secure Units; the government allocated £14 million for the creation of one per RHA. The Butler Committee estimated a need for 2,000 places: the government said they would provde 1,000: this January it was revealed that only 120 beds are so far available. It appears that money reserved for the units was diverted (some say misappropriated). Some of the allocation was spent on pay awards for senior NHS staff, some of it on paying a VAT bill to the Exchequer.

IT IS NOTICEABLE that there is little talk these days of radical or imaginative alternative care for the mentally ill 'offender'. Regional Secure Units have been so long coming no-one has seen beyond them. Some community groups have criticised their possible use as a new form of control mechanism for both mental patients and prisoners: others have high hopes of them. But little thought is being given to other *forms* of care, for these would require the kind of resources and political will that no one believes exists any more. The ideal institution for the mentally disturbed and difficult patients, for example, would be small, but highly staffed, therapeutic communities where, in the words of one mental health expert, 'the emphasis is on therapy and trust, not drugs and containment. I know it sounds utopian ... there's just not the money to think these things is there?'

The campaign for regional secure units has also obscured the other dimension of the problem — those prisoners who might be termed 'disturbed' or 'ill' but who do not fall within the ambit of the Mental Health Act. It is the common sense observation of the people who live and work in them that prisons hold a high proportion of people with severe mental difficulties. It is also a common sense observation that prison activates and aggravates such disorder and distress.

Women are particularly vulnerable here,

Photo Source

Mental problem? Clunk clink

with the courts too easily resorting to remands in custody for medical reports. The alternatives are obvious: letting women stay at home, more use of bail hostels, the establishment of medical assessment centres, or, where feasible, more remands to hospital. Audrey Peckham was not sent to hospital even though a bed was available for her because the magistrates believed that prison could provide her with a kind of psychiatric care it manifestly did not. C1 wing in Holloway (where most of the women are remanded for 'medical assessment') shows the terrible harm that remands to prison can do. Many C1 women are isolated from the outside world anyway (about half of the women on the wing have no outside contacts at all). Then, they are isolated from the rest of the prison in the bleakest environment possible (the wing is bounded on the one side by a hill, on another by a bunker, painted in drab colours, with little natural light penetrating); and from each other by long lock-ups and restricted association. Some of the women have reacted to this environment by slashing themselves 'just to get out of the cell for a few moments'. The response of some PMS doctors has been to declare the women 'fit' for extra punishment.

THE LACK of psychiatric treatment offered in British prisons has been justified by the Prison

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Department on the grounds that they want to get the mentally ill 'out', so why provide 'permanent provision' for them? In the last decade or so the emphasis has shifted away from psychiatric cure to punitive containment. Drugs play a key part in this, although it is too simple to say that prisoners are forcibly over-drugged. Publicity over prison drug rates, and a general decline in drug prescription, has had an effect. While some prisoners are stuffed full of drugs others report the witholding of vital medicines. The point is: prison medical staff have control over dispensation.

With the exception of Grendon Underwood prison, and units at Barlinnie and Wormwood Scrubs, facilities for the mentally ill are virtually non-existent. Most prison nursing is carried out by prison officers who have done a six months course and been re-named 'hospital officers'. Even the POA acknowledge that such training is meaningless, particularly regarding the mentally ill. But better training, or more facilities or resources for the service as a whole, is not the answer. As Chris Shaw of MIND (the mental health charity) says 'The basic problem lies in the inherent conflict in the role of the prison doctor — acting as a doctor for patients and, at the same time, as a senior prison manager'.

BMA officials are now taking an interest in the PMS and the ethics of prison medicine. It was partly on their urging that the Social Services Committee enquiry was established. Submissions to the inquiry from the most liberal to the most radical of the prison lobby are urging the abolition of the Prison Medical Service and its integration into the NHS. The Home Office needless to say are against it. □

BITING THE BALLOT

NOTT FADE AWAY

Is the NUM broken for good after last week's 72 per cent vote in Notts to form a rival body? JOHN McILROY reports

THE CREATION of the breakaway Union of Democratic Mineworkers confirms what 18,000 job losses since March and the recent rush to accept pit closures strongly suggested: the bargaining power of the NUM is shattered. It is, for the foreseeable future, at the mercy of the Coal Board.

But the issues raised are broader. The split strengthens the tendency to disintegration in the TUC where the engineers and the electricians are still threatened with expulsion over state aid for ballots. It will cause acute embarrassment to the Labour Party, which is constitutionally barred from affiliating non-TUC unions. It could open the door to a union breakthrough for the Alliance. It will certainly affect Labour's electoral recovery in an area where Labour holds only 3 out of 11 seats, with 5 marginals, where the Alliance vote approached 20 per cent in the May local elections and where Labour MPs Don Concannon and Frank Haines support Roy Lynk's union.

The roots of the problem lie in the Nottingham coalfield's privileged economic position and its refusal to participate in the strike. Yet in the immediate aftermath of the strike proponents of reconciliation appeared to be ascendant in the NUM. This policy foundered on the understandable bitterness of the national leadership's power base, the strike activists. It was, for example, the firm line taken in traditionally conservative Durham where over 600 non-strikers were expelled that spawned the breakaway there and even led Arthur Scargill to counsel moderation.

But the Nottingham leaders themselves showed little stomach for a fresh start. They announced that strikers must repay dues waived by the NUM during the stoppage. They refused to participate in the national ballot on a levy for sacked miners. They unilaterally lifted the overtime ban decided on nationally well before the strike.

ROY LYNK AND his lieutenant David Prendergast were at all times following a calculated strategy of splitting. The statements of loyalty to the NUM were intended simply to prepare the ground for a tactically preferable expulsion and to maximise support from other areas. However, the tactics of the national leaders may have made it harder for them to hold onto waverers in the rebel areas when the inevitable breach *did* occur. The announcement in April of a new NUM rulebook provided a powerful focus for the Nottingham argument that Scargill was now formalising and making permanent the lack of democracy they claimed had characterised the strike. The changes strengthened centralised decision making, curbed the autonomy of the Areas and increased the security of officials. The timing was little short of disastrous.

The rulebook changes could be seen as substituting constitutional change for what was really needed: a campaign of political argument to convince opponents. Many on the Left who had long supported centralisation (or unification) felt that the new rules lacked a commensurate democratisation of structures.

Nonetheless, the new grouping's claims to be the custodians of pristine democracy bear little scrutiny. Although last week's ballot is allegedly the copestone of their philosophy they only agreed to it when required to do so by the High Court on 10 July. For months the breakaway has acted as an independent oganisation without the legitimacy of a ballot. Roy Lynk repeatedly emphasised that last week's vote was about amalgamation, not the accomplished fact of secession.

Conditions for the ballot were far from balanced. The breakaway had the Coal Board, the cash, the PR consultants and the support of the *Nottinghamshire Evening Post*. The National Union, strapped for cash, was effectively barred from the pits and the miners welfare clubs. Its supporters have been disciplined — from the two miners suspended for two years for taking out a 'Keep Notts National' advert in the local press to loyalist leader Paul Whetton suspended from branch meetings for six months for putting the NUM case. All branches received a circular from Roy Lynk banning NUM speakers and saying: 'No branch meeting has the right to force decisions on branch officials that are not in line with Notts Area policy'.

THE LOYALIST campaign was hard fought. In the end what swung it was the NCB's 15 October promise of a pay rise and enhanced productivity payments taking effect from 1 November. This gave body to Lynk's message: 'You will become the best paid men in the country. You will have security . . . everything you want' — for miners who had had no pay increases since November 1982.

As long as the key underlying factors — fostering by the NCB and fear of submergence in a Scargill-led NUM — remain, the UDM will be able to sustain itself in its Nottinghamshire stronghold. In South Derbyshire where the ballot margin was 26 votes the situation is more problematic. But even in Notts where the Board has withdrawn recognition from the National Union a 7,000 loyalist vote with NUM branches continuing at every pit argues for competition and conflict with perhaps many giving up union membership altogether. The breakaway's strategy of 'going national' and, armed with a 'UDM differential', recruiting in other coalfields to break its isolation and convince the TUC is fraught with difficulty.

In Lancashire serious revolt appears stemmed by assurances from General Secretary Sid Vincent that the rule changes will not affect the Area. In Leicestershire, which has displayed most interest, the Area Council voted on 26 September to stay in the NUM. On the basis of an indecisive consultation exercise and assurances from NUM head office in Sheffield the white collar section, COSA, decided to stay put. A breakaway vote at the Daw Mill colliery failed to produce an Area-wide revolt in the Midlands.

The old NUM right wing, such as Vincent, Trevor Bell of COSA and Jack Jones of Leicestershire, are suspicious of Lynk. The alternative which has increasing support is to use the breakaway threat to move the NUM in the direction of more pragmatic policy making and greater control over the president. Disillusioned miners in most other areas do not see secession as the answer to their numerous problems. But because at root Roy Lynk represents the employer-sponsored trade unionism of a new shrunk coal indusry based on the Midlands and parts of Yorkshire he could appeal to high productivity enclaves elsewhere. Certainly in the short term Nottingham, with its productivity per manshift running 0.2 tonnes above a record national average, may benefit from collaboration. But with massive rationalisation ahead the *main* beneficiaries of resurgent Spencerism will undoubtedly be the National Coal Board. □

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MEDIA

Union-bashing: 'After *you*, Mr Stevens'

FRANCIS WHEEN

LAST MONDAY, when United Newspapers succeeded in taking over Fleet Holdings, publishers of the *Express* newspapers and the *Star*, Fleet's Lord Matthews told interviewers that 'Mr Maxwell in my opinion has played a major part in all this'. Matthews's theory — which was promptly denied by David Stevens, United's Chairman — was that 'Maxwell has persuaded Stevens to let him do all the printing if the bid succeeds. He's probably even agreed to close the *Star* to give the *Mirror* a chance'.

Now when have we heard this before? Quite often, actually. For one thing, it has certain similarities to another rumour which has been floating round Fleet Street in recent weeks: that it was Robert Maxwell who persuaded the Hungarian Bank to put up money for Eddie Shah's new paper. The logic of the story is that, if Shah's paper is a success, unions on other national newspapers will be forced to accept huge economies and redundancies to stay in business at all. Maxwell will thus get the savings that he wants at the *Mirror*.

Before Maxwell reaches for his lawyers, let me hasten to add that there is no hard evidence to support this rumour. However, although the public is often led to believe that press barons are fierce rivals, the idea that one of them might deliberately assist another is not as far-fetched as it may seem.

IT'S WORTH RECALLING, for instance, that a couple of years ago both Tiny Rowland and Rupert Murdoch gave evidence to a Department of Trade inquiry about a meeting they had held in February 1983. According to Rowland, Murdoch told him that 'he would not be able to buy the *Express* because he had the *News of the World* and the *Sun* and that if we, the *Observer*, were to buy the *Express* we would be able to keep the *Express* and the *Sunday Express* and close down the *Star* and that he would be able to charge an extra 2p [for the *Sun*] and we would be able to acquire a second Sunday paper and the *Express* and have a daily paper'. Murdoch denied this.

And now the story has surfaced again in almost identical form, except that the *dramatis personae* this time are Maxwell and Stevens rather than Murdoch and Rowland. The moral of it is a point I have made before in this column: that today's press barons are not the straightforward creatures of yesteryear. Indeed they aren't press barons at all but international media moguls, with their fingers in so many pies that it's often difficult to keep sight of them all.

Maxwell has interests in newspapers, book publishing, printing and television. Murdoch's interests include newspapers, books, television and films.

David Stevens seems eminently well suited to join this club. When he became chairman of United Newspapers in 1981 it was a rather sleepy regional newspaper group which also happened to own a few magazines such as *Punch* and *Pig Farming*.

At that stage the company was valued at £20 million. In 1983 he said that he hoped United would one day be capitalised at £100m. By the beginning of 1985, it was already worth more than £240m.

When Stevens took over, 90 per cent of United's profits came from newspapers — mostly in Yorkshire. All the profits were from activities in Britain. By 1983, only half the company's profits were coming from newspapers. More significantly, perhaps, more than £2m of the company's £8.85m profits were earned in the United States.

WHEN I SPOKE to him in January this year, Stevens was keen to stress that 'we have sought to stick to the publishing and distribution of news', but this conceals the breadth of United's expansion.

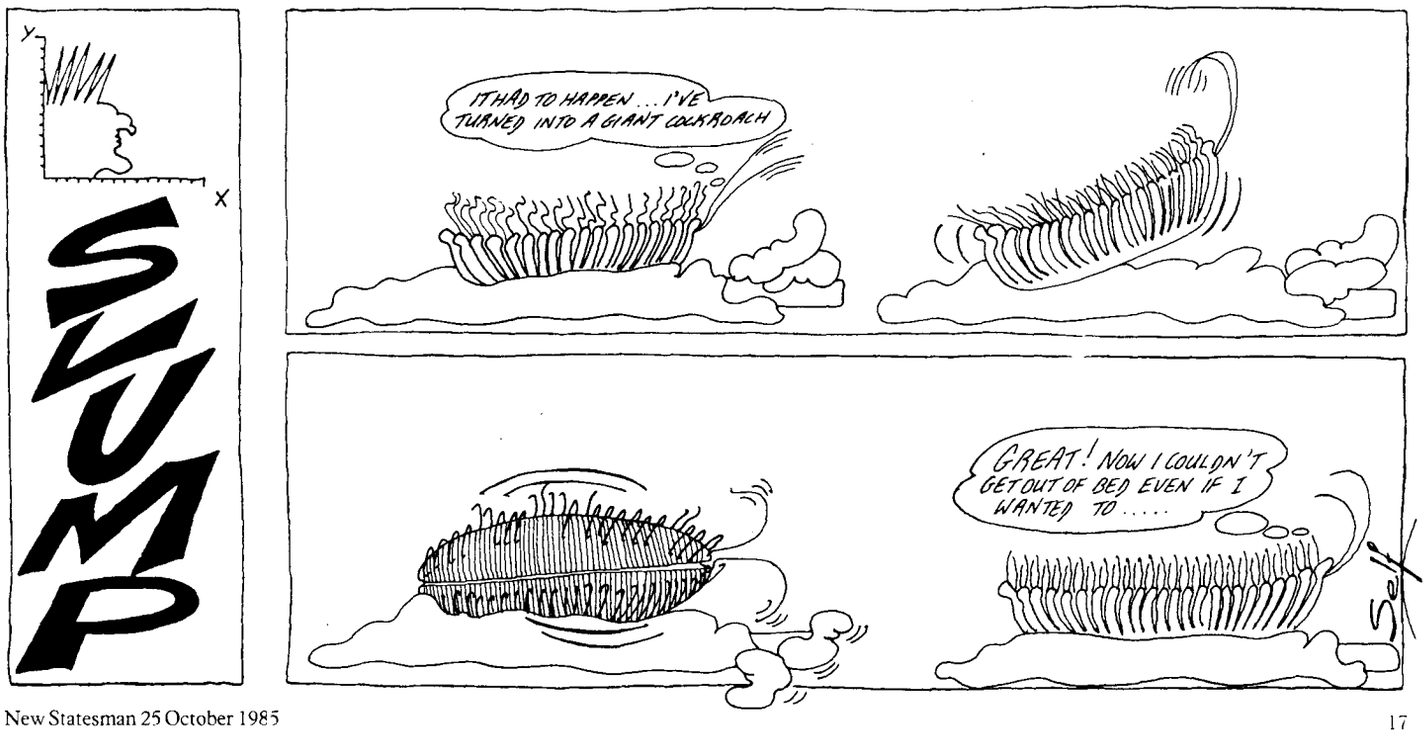
In Stevens's mind, publishing and distribution of news includes everything from a database of world shipping movements (United acquired a 27.5 per cent stake in the American company Marine Management Systems last year) to corner newsagents (United recently bought a chain of 49 shops in the North of England).

What will all this mean for workers on the *Express* newspapers? Bad news, I'm afraid. Under Stevens's control, United has expanded so fast that it is now stretched to the limit, particularly as it had to pay a much higher price than it expected for Fleet Holdings.

The money will have to be recouped from somewhere. Stevens has already closed several of United's less successful newspapers — including the *Blackburn Times*, the *Doncaster Evening Post* and *Wigan Evening Post* — and has ordered redundancies elsewhere, particularly in Sheffield and Leeds. Many more redundancies must now be expected.

The trade press is fond of claiming at the moment that we are entering a new 'Golden Age of newspapers'. Golden for some, perhaps — Lord Matthews made £8 million profit on his personal shares in Fleet Holdings as a result of his takeover 'defeat' by David Stevens.

For the ordinary workers there will not, I suspect, be quite such a bonanza. □



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DIARY

Chris Mullin

Sunderland

Most readers of the *New Statesman* are more likely to have been to Peking than to have set foot in Sunderland, so here is a short introduction.

About 300,000 people live in and around the town. Its two biggest industries are coal and shipbuilding. Hard though it is to imagine, but Sunderland was once the shipbuilding capital of the world. If earlier chroniclers are to be believed, Sunderland was once a veritable hive of Thatcherism. According to one observer, writing in 1851:

> For all practical purposes Sunderland is as new as an Australian or Yankee settlement . . . We like the fresh coloured vigour that characterises everything in Sunderland. They are perfectly fierce in their money-making. They teem with self reliance. They love and hate with a terrible impetuosity.

Alas, those days are long gone. Today, one quarter of the male workforce is on the dole. Most of the shipyards have closed and those that remain are shedding labour. Monkwearmouth, the pit in the centre of town, is still going strong, but pits at Ryhope, Silksworth, Hylton have all closed. And, the cruellest blow of all, the football team has just been relegated to the Second Division.

○

What am I doing here? In June the Sunderland South Labour Party selected me to be their candidate in the next general election. Since I am one of those who believe that elected representatives ought to share the same sunshine and the same rainfall as those they represent — or hope to — I moved in at the earliest opportunity.

My selection was not greeted with universal rejoicing. 'Poor Sunderland', wrote Lord Frank Chapple in the *Daily Mail*. 'After the relegation of its football team from the First Division the town has now suffered another blow.' The *Daily Express* celebrated my selection with a leading article: 'Just when Neil Kinnock was congratulating himself that the Labour Party was beginning to behave itself comes a shock from Sunderland.'

Happily, however, Lord Chapple and the *Daily Express* do not have a lot of followers in Sunderland. The people of Sunderland, like those of the Northeast in general, are among the friendliest in Britain and I have been made warmly welcome. Providing I can learn to drink pints instead of halves, I see no insuperable obstacle to my being returned at the general election.

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This is the land of what Mrs Thatcher calls the 'Moaning Minnies'. Unfortunately, the people of the Northeast have something to moan about. Nowhere has suffered more from the merciless application of market forces. Last week, in a single day, more than one thousand job losses were announced at five different sites in the region. Among those to lose their jobs are 230 men at the Lambton Cokeworks near Chester-le-Street. Members of the cokemen's section of the National Union of Mineworkers at Lambton worked during the strike to keep the furnaces warm. This was their reward. Jack Smith, secretary of the Lambton branch of the cokemen, commented bitterly: 'I'm dumbfounded and disgusted at the way the Board has repaid my workforce for working throughout the strike — with a good hard kick in the teeth'.

○

It's not all gloom and doom, however. The public employees' union, NUPE, has recently chalked up one small victory over the forces of darkness. In July the Sunderland District Health Authority voted (in one of those ballots Mrs Thatcher is so keen on) *not* to privatise the cleaning of the town's health centres. This decision was swiftly over-ruled by Edgar Turner, the Authority's government-appointed chairman who, without calling another meeting, simply announced that the contract would be going to a hitherto unknown company calling itself ICC (Hospital Services) Ltd. The sixty or so cleaning women, some of whom had worked more than twenty years for the Health Authority and who earned the princely sum of £1.72 an hour, were summarily dismissed and told that they could re-apply to ICC for their jobs on terms considerably worse.

At which point NUPE began calling out its members. It was a guerrilla war which lasted all summer. At one time, more than sixty hospitals in the Northeast were affected. There was widespread public sympathy. Everyone knew that this was only the thin end of the wedge. If the Authority got away with privatising the cleaners' jobs, they would be back for more. By September Edgar Turner was becoming agitated. At a meeting of the Health Authority he ordered press and public to leave before the cleaning contracts were discussed. The fearless representatives of the local free press departed without a murmur. But the public, consisting mainly of cleaning women and Sunderland's excellent MP, Bob Clay, stayed put. Turner then called on the police to clear them out. The Superintendent in charge of the police, God bless him, flatly refused. Whereupon Turner abandoned the meeting.

Two weeks ago the Authority announced a climb down. The contract with ICC would go ahead, but those cleaning women who wanted to stay would be found other jobs. Plans for further health service privatisation have, as the Americans say, been put on the back burner. It will be a while before Edgar Turner is allowed out on his own again.

○

In the circumstances, one might imagine that the government would welcome any businessman bringing jobs to the Northeast. Not if your name is Shayequr Rahman, however. Rahman is the owner of a chain of Bengali restaurants in the Sunderland area. He came to England from Bangladesh to take over the business after his father died four years ago. He employs thirty-two people, pays a lot of tax and is a very model of the entrepreneurial spirit for which Mrs Thatcher called on her visit to the region last month. The Home Office, however, is in the process of trying to deport Mr Rahman. According to the faceless ones, he was only allowed into Britain to wind up his father's affairs. They want him to sell up and get out.

I invite readers to speculate how Mr Rahman would have been treated had he been a businessman from South Africa, say, instead of Bangladesh.

ROGER WODDIS

Windy of change

'Just a tiny little bit' —
Which she measured with her fingers —
Was a genteel indication
Of the distance she had moved.
And the danger of a split
Was judiciously avoided,
Like the very sound of 'sanctions',
Which she'd never have approved.

Thus the Commonwealth survived
By the narrowest of margins,
While the other delegations
Did their best to hide their grief.
And the Krugerrands that dived
Held their breath below the surface,
And the signal sent to Botha
Had him sighing with relief.

Hear the lady speak her mind,
See her deeply-felt compassion
For the underfed investors,
Who, alas, are with us still.
There is no one you can find,
When it comes to being steadfast
In the sacred cause of money,
Who's a match for Diamond Lil.

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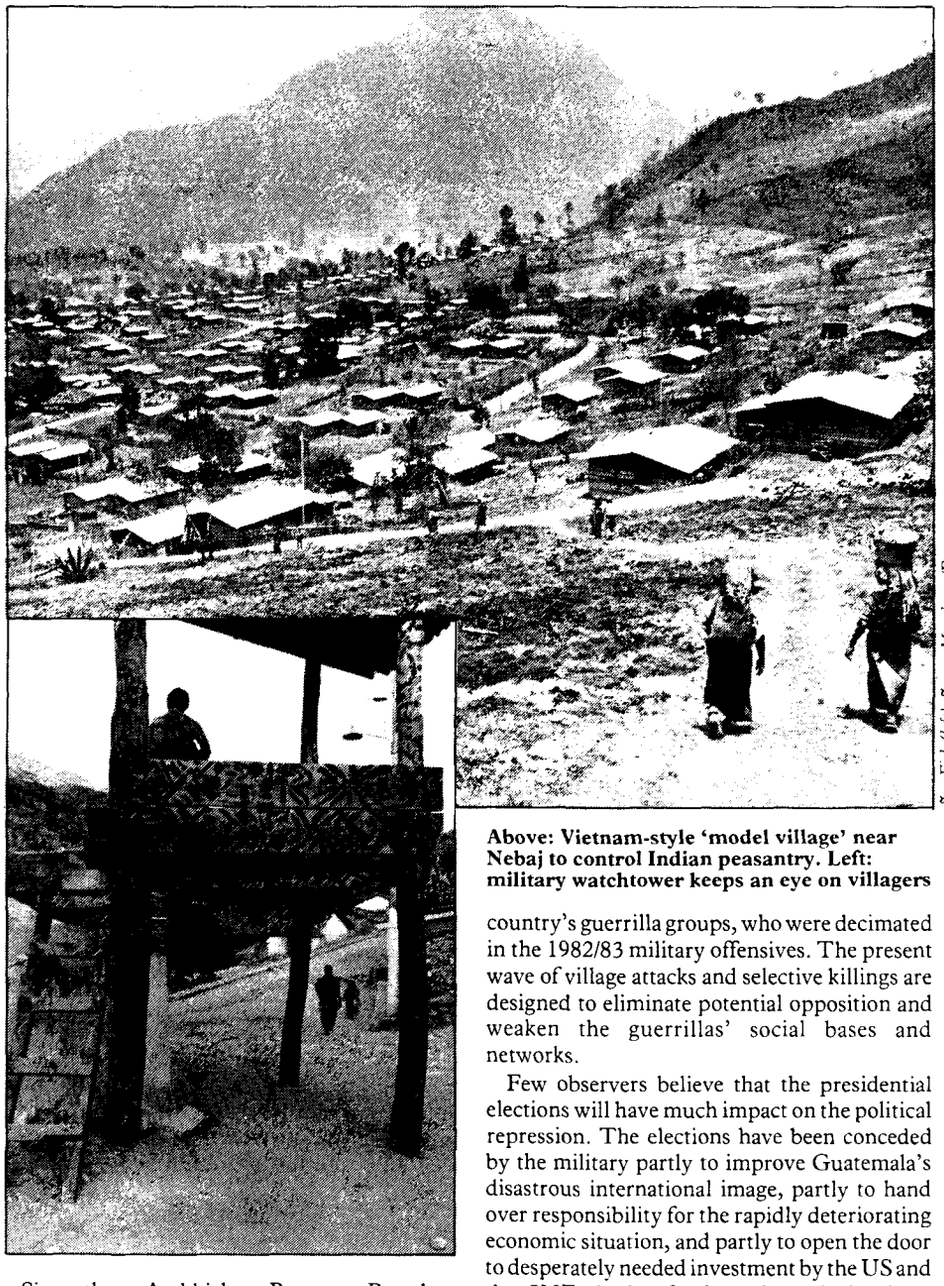
ELECTION THAT MEANS NOTHING TO THE POOR

Death squads, repression, a token election to please the US — heard it all before? STEWART LANSLEY and RUTH PIERCE, just back from Guatemala, tell it again



Joe Fish (left), Jenny Matthews/Format

Above: Vietnam-style 'model village' near Nebaj to control Indian peasantry. Left: military watchtower keeps an eye on villagers

AS GUATEMALA heads for the election on 3 November of its first civilian president since 1966, murder, abduction and torture of the rural population remain an almost daily event. Although the scale of political violence is lower than at its peak in 1982, when an estimated 10,000 were killed under the counter insurgency offensive of General Rios Montt, it has started to escalate again in recent months.

To the diminishing number of tourists enjoying the country's stunning mountain scenery and dramatic and colourful Indian markets, all may seem outwardly calm. Even the huge queues to see *Rambo* in Guatemala City may not seem particularly ironic. In most highland Indian communities off the tourist routes, however, the atmosphere is anything but calm. In the municipality of Patzun, near the spectacular tourist area of Lake Atitlan, more than 100 Indians have been slaughtered or kidnapped since the turn of the year. Catholic Church documents list 68 confirmed dead.

Other victims this year include 10 professors and student leaders at the state-funded but autonomous San Carlos University in the capital, trade unionists, social workers, catechists and many young children. In August, the country's only human rights group, *Grupo de Apoyo Mutuo* (Mutual Support Group — GAM), formed in June 1984 by relatives (mainly women) of the 'disappeared', submitted to the Supreme Court 862 writs of *habeas corpus* on behalf of those forcibly taken by 'agents of the government's security forces'.

A week later, at considerable personal risk, 100 members of GAM, including many Indian women who had travelled long distances from their villages, staged an 18-hour fast on the steps of Guatemala's Cathedral. With the support of European and North American delegates from an International Peace Brigade, whose presence provided some protection, they called for news of their missing relatives.

GAM has already suffered dearly for its work. On 30 March, press officer Hector Gomez was abducted on his way home from a meeting of the six-person executive. Two days later his tortured body was found, his head crushed, his tongue cut off. Four days later, Rosario Godoy de Cuevas, the young wife of a student leader kidnapped in May 1984 and one of the founders of GAM, was found with her two-year-old son and her brother strangled in a wrecked car at the bottom of a ravine near the capital.

Since then, Archbishop Prospero Penados del Barro, who denounced these deaths as 'assassinations', has received death threats, warning him against 'putting himself on the side of the poor'. Two other members of GAM's original executive have fled the country following threats, as have the family of Hector Gomez, under Canadian diplomatic protection.

Despite government denials, there is overwhelming evidence that the great majority of killings and kidnappings are the responsibility of the regime's security forces. The escalation of violence in recent months probably reflects the military's response to the regrouping and renewed activity by the country's guerrilla groups, who were decimated in the 1982/83 military offensives. The present wave of village attacks and selective killings are designed to eliminate potential opposition and weaken the guerrillas' social bases and networks.

Few observers believe that the presidential elections will have much impact on the political repression. The elections have been conceded by the military partly to improve Guatemala's disastrous international image, partly to hand over responsibility for the rapidly deteriorating economic situation, and partly to open the door to desperately needed investment by the US and the IMF, both of whom have insisted on elections as a precondition of more aid.

The military may be handing over formal control to a civilian president, but they will not be relinquishing any real power. The elections themselves will be conducted under sub-democratic conditions. Of the 14 parties standing, only the PSD — the Social Democratic Party — is left of centre. Its Presidential candidate, Mario Solorzano Martinez, is unlikely to make much headway, however. The party is split over tactics, has few resources for campaigning and its potential supporters may well fear intimidation.

Of the eight Presidential candidates only two

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have a real chance of victory — Vincicio Cerezo of the centrist Christian Democrats (DCG) and Jorge Carpio Nicolle of the centre-right UCN (Union of National Centre). Early opinion polls put Cerezo as the front runner, but he is distrusted by the military, who favour Carpio. As owner of two leading newspapers he enjoys extensive personal publicity.

The evidence also suggests little faith in the electoral process. In last November's elections for the relatively powerless Constituenct Assembly, only 41 per cent of those eligible actually voted for a party. The rest either did not register, failed to vote or deliberately spoilt their ballot papers. In most rural areas the political posters of unknown *ladino* (Spanish descendants) faces and new parties have little or no significance for the majority Indian population, most of whom cannot read the Spanish hoardings.

Since none of the leading candidates is committed to any real reforms, the evident cynicism is well founded. Apart from the question of repression, the resistance of the military and the powerful private sector to any kind of change means that the two key issues of land and tax reform are not even on the agenda. Yet, with 4 per cent of landowners owning 70 per cent of arable land, Guatemala has the most unequal land distribution in all Latin America. Cerezo has declared that the DCG is opposed to any changes which would modify the country's traditional economic structure and that 'land reform is impossible in a democratic Guatemala because it would bankrupt and destabilise the country's economy'.

Above all, the military has steadily and systematically constructed a pervasive organisational web in the rural areas which will ensure their continuing control of key institutions. Some mountain villages such as Nebaj in northern Quiché have been transformed into army outposts, complete with watchtowers and sandbags surrounding the municipal buildings.

Here the army's drill through the village is accompanied by anti-guerrilla slogans: *'Where are we going?* We're going to the mountains. *What are we going to do?* Kill the subversives'.

The lynchpin of this steady militarisation of society is the 900,000-strong, compulsory system of 'civil patrols'. Armed with rifles, machetes and sticks, they patrol each village in 24 hour shifts, checking buses — which in some areas are stopped and searched about every 10 miles — carrying out surveillance and reporting strangers. If a guerrilla presence is suspected locally they act, under the orders of the local military commander, combing the countryside and sometimes carrying out assassinations.

The system is having a devastating impact on traditional Indian lifestyle and customs. It has restricted economic opportunities for Indians who have been used to supplementing their meagre incomes through seasonal work on the coast, since permission to leave is required and not always granted. The local civil patrol chief, appointed by the army, has tended to replace the traditional Indian system of leadership and self-government.

In the last 18 months, this form of social control has been reinforced by two new developments — the establishment of 'model villages' and 'institutional co-ordinators'. Model villages are similar to the 'strategic hamlets' in Vietnam designed to control the population through restricted movement and control food growing and distribution. Over 40 villages have been built to date, concentrated in the northern mountain areas devastated during the 1982/83 military offensives.

There is also a steady process of 'de-indianisation' taking place in the villages with the aim of making the Indians more 'manageable'. Houses are built in congested rows in contrast to the scattered nature of traditional Indian villages. Indians are being encouraged to switch from an ethnic to a national identity through the ceremonial use of the national flag, the national flower and the national anthem. The army has organised civil patrol rallies on traditional Indian feast days, while Indian women are encouraged to participate in beauty contests for titles such as Miss Civilian Patrol and Miss Military Zone.

During the GAM fast, one Indian widow from Patzun whose son had been missing for a year asked us to 'tell them to release my son–I'm all alone'. Despite the elections, even if he is still alive, that plea is no nearer realisation now than the day after he was taken. □

'And ever more came out of that same door wherein I went' . . .

This was the plaint of a man who could not escape the common round of conventional answers to his questions. Perhaps he was stuck in beliefs — maybe even sacred ones — but he was stuck. Is there no way out?

Perhaps; if you would like to see, write to:

The Blavatsky Trust (B)
P.O. Box 16, London W3 6HS

INDIA

RAJIVOMANIA HIDES THE THATCHERITE APPROACH

A year after his mother's assassination, Indian premier Rajiv Gandhi (below) is an unexpected success on the world stage. AMRIT WILSON punctures the image

Camera Press

IN HIS FIRST YEAR as Prime Minister Rajiv Gandhi has been a hit with the Western press — 'dynamic' and 'rational', yet a 'man born to lead'; 'Reagan Rajiv' and at the same time a peace maker.

If the government-controlled parts of the Indian press are to be believed, he is also 'sincere', 'straight' and deeply 'human'. In August he toured the remote Kalahandi district of Orissa and was confronted with extreme poverty and starvation deaths. He was visibly shocked (India in 1985 has after all a sizeable food surplus) and promised action.

Today, food prices are still rising and the people of Kalahandi and similar areas are beginning to realise that effective government action to deal with poverty and starvation will never come. Instead the government has increased inequality by cutting income tax, wealth tax and death duties, while slashing poverty payments and welfare measures.

Rajiv Gandhi's remarkable 'Thatcherite' economic policies are in fact the final break with the past which Indira Gandhi's government was edging towards in its last five years. They have brought a drastic shift of emphasis from the public to the private sector.

India's mixed economy and guided

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development through five-year plans are now effectively at an end. Private industry is now entirely free to respond to the 'market'. The government is simultaneously following policies that encourage monopoly power. The laws brought in during Mrs Gandhi's brief flirtation with the Left in 1969-70 — which in theory, if not practice, controlled private industry and gave punitive powers to act against monopolistic practices — are now being quickly dismantled. Rajiv's government is making it clear that it has no objection to the concentration of industrial power in the hands of a few families (who of course in India also largely control the machinery of the State).

This follows five years during which India received a massive IMF loan, liberalised imports, welcomed in multinationals and enacted repressive labour laws (like the Essential Services Maintenance Act). Almost all major Indian industries are now set up on the basis of collaboration with foreign multinationals — the Indian government has currently approved over 8000 such arrangements.

The government defends this large foreign component in the private sector as healthy because it claims that foreign collaboration enables India to keep up with technological development. In fact Indians merely learn to operate equipment which often turns out to be both obsolete by Western standards and inappropriate to Indian needs, which has the effect of killing off genuine Indian development.

The collaboration agreements also involve expensive royalty payments for 'know-how', salaries to foreign 'experts' and continuing imports of industrial spare parts. Only the least value-added parts, if any, are produced by Indian ancillary industries. For example in Shivkasi, Tamilnadu, children working in appalling conditions at under the minimum wage produce matchstick heads for use by WIMCO, the Indian branch of a Swedish multinational which imports all its machinery.

THE STORY of the most notorious multinational operation in India — Union Carbide's plant in Bhopal — illustrates the actual as opposed to proclaimed policy of the Indian government towards multinationals. Between 1978 and 1984 the plant had six recorded accidents, including one in which a worker was killed and another in which 25 went to hospital. In each case the government carried out inquiries and came to certain conclusions and suggested operating changes, which the company ignored. After the disaster last year the government's estimate of the number killed (2,000) was almost a fifth of that estimated by relief workers; and, when gas afflicted victims, many of them women, demonstrated demanding medical treatment, they were brutally beaten and arrested by the Indian police.

In February the government passed an ordinance making itself the sole claimant against Union Carbide so preventing any organisation or individual suing the company. Union Carbide officials were due to meet Rajiv in the Bahamas this week to explore a quiet out of court settlement.

India is unlikely, though, ever to become an export-orientated enclave like Singapore, or South Korea, which is being held up as an example by the Indian press. The multinationals in India are exploiting markets (and of course cheap labour), which have nothing to do with national industrial development. The government is eagerly helping them — for example, the new drugs policy is based quite openly on an extrapolation of previous rising sale trends and has led to plans to promote drugs which are banned in many other countries.

What the eulogies for Rajiv in the Western press have failed to mention is that his government has brought in a massive increase in repression — expenditure on the police and the Research and Analysis Wing (RAW — the secret police) alone will amount to about 80 per cent of the entire sum spent on rural development. And in the wake of last year's Punjab troubles, he has set up the National Security Guard, a new paramilitary force.

Invoking the all-powerful, all-justifying mantra of 'Sikh Extremism', Rajiv's government has consolidated the State's repressive power in a single draconian law, the Terrorism and Disruptive Activities Prevention Act 1985. At the same time, the intelligentsia have lost their traditional freedom of speech. In August, charges of sedition were brought against the authors of a report on Punjab, published by the eminently respectable group 'Citizens for Democracy'. In India, the middle classes are finding out the hard way that government support for 'free' private enterprise does not extend to cover personal freedom, even for them. □

"WHY I AM FASTING FOR A CHANGE"

George Melly

"I tend to mistrust public gestures but in a world where crops are deliberately spoiled to keep prices up while millions face death from starvation, I do feel that we should try to underline this disgraceful dilemma.

"So, far from thin myself, I have decided for 24 hours to eat and drink nothing."

George Melly is hungry for change. He is joining with thousands of others in a 24 hour fast during the weekend of November 15, 16 and 17 in **Oxfam's second Hungry for Change FAST.**

The past 12 months have shown how much people in this country care about World Hunger. Everyone knows we need change — a change to give hope to the hungry and a change in the attitudes of governments towards them.

Last year's experience of fasting for one day allowed people to understand a little better the appalling fate of the 750 million people who suffer hunger **every day** without choice.

At the same time, through sponsorship, they raised valuable funds for Oxfam development projects overseas.

It is our intention that this year's fast should represent a massive expression of concern — of a nation hungry for change.

Please join us. Fill in the coupon for details without delay.

FAST WITH OXFAM — NOV. 15, 16 or 17

I support OXFAM'S second Hungry for Change FAST

☐ I'll fast.
Please forward my name to my nearest Oxfam organiser.

☐ I'm not able to fast,
but send me details of the Hungry for Change campaign.

I enclose a donation of £_____

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Send to: Oxfam, Room NS10, FREEPOST, Oxford, OX2 7BR.
To get FAST details fast, contact your area OXFAM organiser through your local phone directory.

OXFAM

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HUNGARY

THE VALUE OF NOT BEING BOUND BY DOGMA

Janos Kadar, general secretary of the Hungarian communist party, arrives for an official visit to Britain next week. BOB DENT assesses the life and (flexible) policies of one of the longest-serving political leaders in Eastern Europe

Manek/Interfoto

Kadar: 'Those who are not against us are with us'

JANOS KADAR, one of the veterans of the international communist movement, has been the political leader of Hungary ever since November 1956 — when Soviet tanks finally put down the Hungarian uprising. Yet Kadar's character, biography and politics are far more complex than this bald statement might imply.

Born in 1912, the illegitimate child of a poor peasant woman, Kadar was brought up by foster parents. Hungary of the '20s and '30s was known as 'the land of three million beggars' and until the war Kadar struggled through a succession of manual jobs, his actual trade being that of typewriter mechanic.

The background is important because it helps to explain how Kadar has never been a communist of the intellectual or theoretical type. It's true he had read Engel's *Anti-Düring*, having won a copy as a prize in a barbers' trade union chess competition, but he became a communist by instinct, influenced more by such experiences as a chance involvement in a Budapest workers' demonstration in September 1930. His resultant ability to speak from the heart, anecdotally, avoiding dogmatic jargon, has been one of his consistent political attractions.

After the war, Kadar became a full-time activist, first in the Budapest party committee, then the central committee and eventually in the Ministry of the Interior. Although politically orthodox, he was never part of the inner circle of Moscow emigrés who returned in the wake of the Red Army to run the Hungarian Communist Party. Indeed, Kadar himself fell victim to the purges and was imprisoned on trumped up charges in May 1951 and held in isolation for the next three and a half years.

The fact that he was in prison for much of the period of Stalinist rule in Hungary under Rakosi, Gero, Revai and Farkas, goes a long way to explain Kadar's subsequent desire to avoid past political 'mistakes' — a euphemism for terror, dogmatism and authoritarianism. Hungary today, after 29 years under Kadar's rule, is perhaps the most relaxed society in Eastern Europe.

Kadar's role and motivation in the events of the 1956 uprising remain the most enigmatic aspects of his life. It is not widely known that up to the beginning of that November he was very much in sympathy with the uprising. One eyewitness still alive today, Dr George Heltai, Deputy Foreign Minister in the then Nagy government, recalls Kadar on the evening of 31 October threatening Yuri Andropov, Soviet Ambassador in Budapest at the time, that he was prepared to fight Soviet tanks with his own hands.

Better documented is the fact that on 1 November Kadar spoke on the radio using the terms 'glorious uprising . . . permeated with true patriotism and with loyalty to socialism'. Similarly, in an interview appearing in *Il Giornale d'Italia* the following day, Kadar spoke of a 'new communism' which he hoped would emerge from 'the revolution'. Yet almost immediately he disappeared from the scene only to appear a few days later as the head of a new provisional government set up with Soviet support.

HIS OWN EXPLANATION is that he feared events were getting out of hand, making full counter-revolution a distinct possibility. Others argue that the turning point was the brutal killing of his friend and comrade Imre Mezo, also from a poor peasant background. Mezo, white flag in hand, was mown down by insurgents in a massacre at the Budapest Party Committee headquarters. And others say he was simply an opportunist.

Whatever the reason, it was perhaps as well for Hungary that the new leader had such an enigmatic past. In a speech in 1972, given on the occasion of his 60th birthday, he referred to the official view of '56 as counter-revolution as 'the learned definition'. He himself preferred the notion of 'national tragedy'. This element of reconciliation and compromise has typified post '56 Hungary and is exemplified by a better-known previous line of Kadar's: 'Those who are not against us are with us.'

Kadar and the new party knew that things could not be the same after '56. Economic reform was on the agenda as early as 1957, but it was not until the late '60s that the so-called New Economic Mechanism took off. The idea was to decentralise economic planning by giving more autonomy to individual enterprises and allowing greater play for market forces. The reform has continued, with a hiccup in the mid-70s, to this day — with the result that Hungary has one of the highest standards of living in Eastern Europe, despite the effects of the world slump on a country where 50 per cent of national income is generated through foreign trade.

Culturally, too, Hungary is relatively relaxed and there is much debate at the moment, both in 'official' and 'dissident' circles, as to what extent political reform in the sense of democratisation can be introduced. Some sociologists even note the emergence of a 'second society' in Hungary, networks and associations autonomous from the State or 'official' life.

It has to be said that all this reform in Hungary has proceeded apace irrespective of shifts in policies in Moscow. There are indications now that the Soviet Union itself is about to start down the road of economic reform as practised in Hungary. But the Hungarians have always denied that they in any way present a model of socialist development even if in practice they obviously do.

It is common currency to argue that Eastern states are allowed free play in domestic matters as long as Moscow's foreign policy is not disturbed. This is true of Hungary, though Kadar would argue that agreement on foreign policy is voluntary. It should be noted, incidentally, that — unlike Czechoslovakia or the GDR — no 'agreement' has been reached to place SS20 missiles, or indeed any nuclear weapons, in Hungary. □

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LETTERS

Right-wing bias

Bill Townsend, Heidelberg, Melbourne, Australia

I am disgusted that your journal saw fit to run an obituary on a right-wing trade union leader (*NS* 11 October). Why can't we have obits of left-wing trade unionists? I for one look forward to reading Arthur Scargill's obituary.

CND can't do everything

Bruce Kent, London N1

I find it difficult to believe that anyone in the peace movement ever seriously asked Jane Dibblin what Nicaragua has got to do with peace (*NS* 18 October). It would be easy to believe that someone asked if campaigning on the Nicaraguan issue was within CND's constitutional aims and nuclear focus and if so, what level of priority it should have.

Jane Dibblin is absolutely right to stress the need for a wider vision, a greater ability to hear the voices of the oppressed and a solidarity with everyone struggling for peace and justice. The practical problem for a single issue campaign (and CND is not *the* peace movement) is where to put its resources and energy. CND's ultimate aim is general and complete disarmament. It is quite impossible to put equal effort into removing every obstacle on that road. Perhaps the best way forward sometimes is to work through coalition groupings like the underfunded but very effective Campaign Against the Arms Trade. True enough that in Britain we have for far too long been unaware of the destruction done in the Pacific as a result of nuclear testing and dumping. Ignorance about the hazards of uranium mining is still general. The connections between world poverty and world militarism are still not sufficiently understood by us and certainly not by the development lobby. Opinions will inevitably differ about the priorities which ought to be selected for campaigning and it is part of a rather lengthy annual conference process to try and sort them out.

For myself I am convinced that we should be giving even more attention to our core message if we want political progress on any disarmament issue. We have to convince yet more people that British independent nuclear weapons and American nuclear bases do not defend this country, that there are more sensible roads to non-suicidal security and that the billions which are to be wasted on Trident or any substitute should be diverted to the real needs of people at home and abroad.

A great pity that the Labour Party shows so little campaigning enthusiasm for these issues. Vote losers can become vote winners and the tide is moving in that direction. Already 46 per cent of the British people oppose a defence policy relying on the possible use of nuclear weapons. But there is much yet to be done and plenty of opportunity for the Labour Party and other opposition parties to help in doing it.

Book first, facts. . .another time

Ros Francy, London NW1

In her review of the *Sunday Times'* book of the miners' strike (*NS* 18 October), Joan Smith speculates correctly that 'the book's own facts were disregarded when they threatened to interfere with its relentless right-wing analysis'.

Here's an example. I was hired by the *Sunday Times* specifically to research that book and followed the strike as it unfolded, logging and accumulating material largely on aspects of the dispute not covered by mainstream industrial and political reporting: the women's support groups, relationships between police and mining communities and so on.

At Christmas 1984 my contract, which had always been 'freelance', was abruptly terminated.

Discovering to my alarm that when the book came out last month my name nonetheless appeared at the front, I read it with care. This was just as well: most of the topics on which I'd worked for eight months are dismissed, between commas, in a single sentence.

Better light on Soviet offer

Mary Kaldor, Brighton, Sussex

Since I wrote the article 'Gorbachev fails to seduce the Dutch' (*NS* 11 October), further details of the Gorbachev offer have emerged. I was wrong in stating that the Soviet Union made no concessions to the US concern to count types of strategic systems separately. The Soviet Union specified that a 50 per cent cut in strategic systems would leave 6,000 war-heads on each side and not more than 60 per cent would be in any one leg of the triad — bombers, submarine-launched ballistic missiles, and land-based intercontinental ballistic missiles. This would imply substantial cuts in Soviet land-based intercontinental missiles, something the US claims the Soviet Union wishes to avoid.

On the other hand Gorbachev defined strategic systems as 'nuclear arms capable of reaching each other's territory'. This includes nuclear weapons on US aircraft carriers as well as US nuclear weapons in Europe. It is this a move away from positions reached in the SALT and START negotiations and therefore makes agreement more difficult.

May I also take this opportunity to say that the title given to my article on the front cover, 'Gorbachev's Fake Offer', was misleading. The thrust of my article was that the Gorbachev offer was a reasonable arms control proposal but that arms control is not the same as disarmament. The offer might help negotiations but it will not start a process of reversing the arms race.

No person is a (sexual) Island

Martin Shaw, Hull

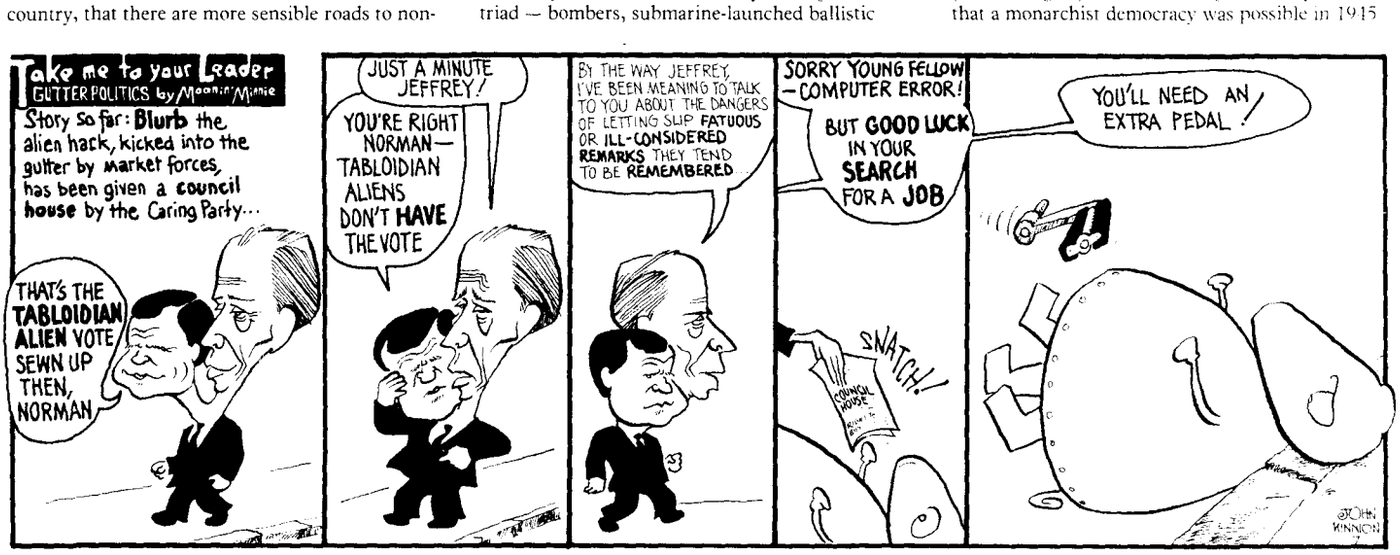
Islander is a little too pat when he writes 'What sort of sex people have and their choice of *ménage* is up to them. . .The Parkinson/Keays scandal is about dishonesty in high places, not sex, and ministerial double-double standards' (*NS* 18 October). If dishonesty is really an issue, then surely their *ménage* is brought into question, since it must have been part of their relationship from the start, if only towards the forgotten Ann Parkinson. Some sorts of relationship are breeding grounds for dishonesty and double standards.

Perhaps Islander could let us know where he stands on this issue, with its related implication of double standards on the Left. Is dishonesty in personal relationships only to be objected to in high places? I find it commonly accepted in low places, even among socialists and feminists, that deception is normal — 'one of those things', 'part of life'.

Yugoslavia and the West

Nora Beloff, London NW6

There are a number of factual inaccuracies in Basil Davidson's review of my book *Tito's Flawed Legacy* (*NS* 23 August). Far from being 'evidently sure that a monarchist democracy was possible in 1945


Take me to your Leader
GUTTER POLITICS by Moonin' Minnie
Story so far: Blurb the alien hack, kicked into the gutter by market forces, has been given a council house by the Caring Party...
THAT'S THE TABLOIDIAN ALIEN VOTE SEWN UP THEN, NORMAN
JUST A MINUTE JEFFREY!
YOU'RE RIGHT NORMAN— TABLOIDIAN ALIENS DON'T HAVE THE VOTE
BY THE WAY JEFFREY, I'VE BEEN MEANING TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT THE DANGERS OF LETTING SLIP FATUOUS OR ILL-CONSIDERED REMARKS THEY TEND TO BE REMEMBERED
SORRY YOUNG FELLOW — COMPUTER ERROR!
BUT GOOD LUCK IN YOUR SEARCH FOR A JOB
SNATCH!
COUNCIL HOUSE
YOU'LL NEED AN EXTRA PEDAL!
JOHN KINNION

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and still is', there is not a single word in my book advocating a royalist restoration. As for the allegation that I believe the West 'should install' such a system, I make it abundantly clear that it is for the Yugoslav people to decide on their future, which they were prevented from doing during the Stalinist reign of terror in 1945.

Mr Davidson says my work was 'sponsored' by the Hoover Institution in California. In fact, this richly endowed foundation gave me $1,500, insufficient to cover the fares and the costs of a brief visit to consult their archives and libraries. When, earlier this year, I asked for another $1,500 to complete my research, they wrote back to say they could not find the funds.

On communist infiltration of SOE, I took nothing 'as gospel' and specifically questioned whether James Klugmann was the most important of the devotees of the Soviet cause. Since writing the book, I have met John Hawkesworth who recalls attending 'highly tendentious daily briefings' given by Klugmann and attended by the top British officers at headquarters in Bari, early in 1945.

Mr Davidson affirms that I 'wrote off' the partisan war 'as if practically nothing had happened'. On the contrary I affirmed that Tito's army was the strongest resistance force, not only in the Balkans, but in the whole of Europe.

Those of your readers who may wish to know why it took so long for me to defend myself might like to know that I was temporarily silenced by Mr Davidson who, besides denouncing me in your columns, was also threatening to sue my publishers, unless they agreed to delete a sentence personally critical of Mr Davidson.

I believe my view of Mr Davidson's attitude to be fully born out by his own writings, by the play, *Desert Air*, put on by the Royal Shakespeare Company and which, according to the programme, he inspired, and by an interview he gave last year to the Yugoslav paper *Danas* from which the following is an extract: 'Any national liberation movement must also be a revolutionary movement. A movement that is not revolutionary is in its essence not liberational: it just exchanges one yoke for another.'

After several weeks' delay my publishers capitulated and it is only now that an expurgated edition of the book, excluding the critical sentence, is safely at the printers, that I feel free to write to you.

The Yugoslav Federal Minister of the Interior has now published a decree prohibiting the import and circulation of my book which means that it cannot be defended in the Yugoslav press. There is no possibility of my being able to exercise the right of reply against a vitriolic personal attack published in Belgrade's *Politika* which reproduced some 50 lines of Mr Davidson's *New Statesman* review.

THE
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Privatising problems away

Tony Smythe, Secretary, Association of Community Health Councils

Tim Tate's report aimed at Dr Gavin Tennent (*NS* 18 October) was more than a little unfortunate, not only because it attacked an individual but because it diverted attention away from the local and national implications of registering Kneesworth House in Cambridgeshire.

Should mental patients be held in a secure unit by a private company? How can their rights and conditions be protected? Are secure conditions for formally detained patients suitable for 'informal' patients? Do we want a private sector to hold patients who no one else wants? What is wrong with the NHS if it cannot make its own arrangements for the small number of patients who are said to require 'medium security'?

Dr Tennent was made to seem quite sinister. This is nonsense. He is held in high regard by his professional colleagues and his former patients at St Andrews Hospital, which, in spite of the impression given, provides a quality of care for both its private patients and those referred by health and local authorities which is unrivalled in most NHS mental hospitals.

Fantasy life on the Farm

Michael Davie, Observer

To support his argument that papers like the *Observer* encourage 'fantasy', Paul Foot pours scorn on a column I wrote on 1 May after a visit, proposed by the Department of the Environment, to the Broadwater Farm Estate, the scene of the recent riots (*NS* 18 October).

Mr Foot is confident that I was 'effectively buttoned up' by the department because I was impressed the Priority Estates Project there.

So I was. One of its aims is to give the tenants more say in how the estate is run. I not only spoke to the Housing Minister, one of his senior civil servants (who Mr Foot thinks buttoned me up), the department's public relations man (notably morose and silent), Anne Power of the London School of Economics, whose researches and drive persuaded the department to set up the PEP, and Patricia Zipfel, who works for the project on the estate.

I also talked at length to Dolly Kiffin, to the black youths and white old age pensioners in the community centre that Mrs Kiffin inspired, and to Russell Simper, the head caretaker. I also had a long discussion with the black and white leaders of the 20-strong 'Neighbourhood Office' that now administers the estate, where half of them live. Mr Foot makes me look naive by quoting what I wrote about this office, and its 'air of youthful, relaxed, enthusiastic, multiracial bustle', as though I was characterising the whole estate.

Mr Foot is not right to dismiss the work of the people at Broadwater Farm as if it was part of a cover-up by the Department of the Environment. They, and other workers on 'collapsing, desolate, crime-breeding' estates (my description in the same column), have been trying to improve, not conceal, the distress of these places.

Five months ago the Broadwater Farm People, and I after talking to them, felt that their efforts gave some grounds for hope. It may suit Mr Foot's view of the world to call their hopes 'fantasy', but work like theirs will be needed even more after the riots than it was before.

Remembering her lines

Peter Porteous, Cheam, Surrey

It is extraordinary that no other literary magazine or mind commented on Mrs Thatcher's choice of the Macbeth soliloquy 'Tomorrow and tomorrow. . .' that overwound up her ill-named 'Serving The Nation' week, Roger Woddis and the *NS* being the notable exception.

But, apart from the speech being from a notoriously unlucky play — no actor will quote from it in a dressing room — the literary genius who advised its use certainly couldn't have known the rest of the speech. Apart from its opening line, 'She should have died hereafter', it goes on with such lines as 'it is a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing'. And all this just to make a cheap pun on the word 'borrow'.

Ignorance of the speech shouldn't have extended to the play however. Macbeth's speech is a reflection on the death of a woman unable anymore to bear the crimes of conscience that have come to haunt her. It is difficult, I admit, to imagine Mrs T tripping around Number 10 in a nightgown with anything on her conscience. More likely to be heard muttering 'What's done cannot be undone: to bed, to be, to bed'.

For the record. . .

David Loyn, London SW6

For the record, it is not true to say that the last time fire hoses were used against a crowd in England was in 1930 (*NS* 11 October).

In the first Brixton disturbances in April 1981 Chief Superintendent Robinson turned fire hoses on a crowd in Railton Road. Lord Scarman gave this account in his report: 'It seemed to Mr Robinson that extraordinary measures were necessary if he was to save the position and prevent his officers or the firemen being further injured or even killed. He took a hose from a fireman, ordered other officers to do likewise and turned the jets on the crowd. . .He was approached by a senior fire officer who told him that the fire hoses should not be used for crowd control. The Chief Superintendent replied that their use had been and remained necessary in his view if the police and firemen were not to be overrun.'

'Yellow Peril'

Raphael Samuel, Ruskin College, Oxford

As an addition to a forthcoming History Workshop volume on *English Patriotism* I am doing some rapid work on 'the Yellow Peril' — one of the racist phobias prevalent in early 20th century Britain. I would be very grateful to *NS* readers who could give me any references — especially from detective fiction, boys' stories, popular literature or silent films for the years 1900-1930.

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Our planet on a knife-edge

Around the country as this issue of the New Statesman *goes to press people are preparing for CND's national 'Rally for the Human Race' in London. ANTHONY BARNETT, rapt in appalled contemplation of Titian's last great work* The Flaying of Marsyas *(below) when it was briefly exhibited in London this year, sees lessons for our time*

Kromeriz Statnizamek, Czechoslovakia

Some time ago, I spent an afternoon with Portia Holman, who was then nearly eighty. A distinguished doctor and child analyst she was to be given a leading obituary in The Times. *This did not mention that she had driven an ambulance in the Spanish Civil War (for the Republic but not for the Communists) or that she was an active member of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament.*

That afternoon we took part in a general canvass of people's views about nuclear weapons. I knew she was frail, but as we went from house to house the wind caught her clothes and I thought of a leaf in autumn. Despite her persistence it was evident she was in pain.

So we went back to her flat for a drink. I admired the print of a Cezanne she had on the wall. It was a charcoal sketch with only the fruit painted in, two oranges were bright and intense against the dull lined background. Although as dark as nuts, Portia's eyes usually darted and gleamed from a face that was otherwise rather still. It is only now that I see the similarity between the picture and its owner.

We talked about those who felt safer with nuclear weapons. I wondered why they wanted to retain them. She glanced at me with those bright eyes. Then she said, 'Nobody can imagine their own death.' Her tone was most definite. It was a Thursday. Four days later, she died.

A STOUT LADY with a hat turned away and declared: 'It's the most disgusting thing I have ever seen in my life' She was condemning the painting that I had come to look at for a second time at a Royal Academy exhibition, before it was to be returned to its relative obscurity in Czechoslovakia: Titian's *Flaying of Marsyas*.

Possibly his last painting, the canvas was almost certainly hanging in his studio when Titian died. This was the first time it had been in a major show and its impact was considerable. One reviewer said, in the exaggerated style of classy English pretension, that 'all London' was talking about the picture. Though much praised *The Flaying of Marsyas* was not written about at any length. There was some argument about whether or not Titian left it unfinished; a question not without importance. But the art historical manner in which the dispute was conducted hardly rose above pedantry.

In her way the stout lady was right. The large canvas shows a life-sized satyr being skinned alive, hung by his legs from a tree. His eyes stare out at us upside down in appalled silence. His wrists are bound to each other and thus tied his arms fall down to form a passive arch in an arresting reversal of the traditional female pose where the open arms, folded balletic style behind the head, invite the onlooker to take pleasure in the display. The satyr's head does not lean back in rest however, it presses to hold itself up, against gravity, to retain human dignity. The satyr is Marsyas, the flute player, who challenged Apollo to a musical contest in which the winner could do what he liked to the other. Marsyas lost and the painting show how Apollo then destroyed him. Marsyas seems to protest against the execution yet also to accept it; his eyes cry out but his mouth is closed. As one stands looking at the picture this tension is almost unbearable.

Unlike animals, humans know about death. In response, some seek immortality, others train themselves to be good soldiers and 'to know how to die'. Nonetheless, physically, like animals, we die. This is what we know. The paradox is that because of our capacity for such knowledge we can imagine with an imagination that is not like that of animals — an imagination that does not accept death. All of which might be idle philosophy but for the power with which this picture — a work of the imagination — speaks. It is preeminently about the animal nature of man, the difference of humans from animals, and their union. The satyr himself is the mythical figure. To say that he is half beast and half poet, or half human and half goat, is to fail to say that he is both at once.

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For while the furry legs of Marsyas *the satyr* put him beyond the human species, physically their bones, skin and flesh strangely intensify his humanity. In most paintings where the central figure is being impaled with great suffering, he (or more rarely she) is a saint. Such images, and there are many of them, defy earthly death in the name of transcendence. But Marsyas's hooves, tied to the tree, are not human feet. Here, there is no religious overtone of a crucifixion. The emphatic animal character of the satyr offers no afterlife or redemption. By splaying Marsyas across this canvas Titian thus defies a major tradition in painting for scenes of this type. A creature whose physique and music are almost supreme is being definitively annihilated. This is not the triumph of the spirit over the body, as so often depicted in Christian art. Marsyas is already a creature of the gods — only through his body he is now being destroyed.

From where his legs are parted, from his hidden, hairy sex, across his shining slender waist, down his youthful chest to his eyes and his arms, but especially his eyes, we are drawn to identify directly with Marsyas: his consciousness is also ours. Without this we would not sense how his animal body holds him. as ours holds each of us. Through this simple device Titian portrays the pitiful helplessness of mind inescapably attached to fleshy matter — something most paintings deny or mystify as they celebrate beauty and appearance. We, who aspire to be creatures of song, who can run with speed and dance with freedom, cannot escape the singing prison which is our body. This fact of our existence is shown with unequalled power by Titian in his *Flaying of Marsyas*. The satyr's art — symbolised by the pipes that also hang from the tree — dies with him.

So it is hard not to flinch from such a scene, and it is natural — well, instinctive — to shudder with disgust and to look away. Instead, I think that we should look more closely and with care.

THE ANIMAL NATURE of man is echoed repeatedly by the onlookers to the right of the painting. At the top there is another half-human satyr. Below him sits the ageing Midas, with his ass's ears, and at the bottom there is a black dog, smelling the blood (which a puppy is already lapping); holding the dog whose animal vision, in contrast to that of Midas, is quite without history, is a child. On our left Apollo himself skins Marsyas. In the fable he flays him in revenge for the sheer impertinence and presumption of the challenge. But here, self-absorbtion not triumphalism characterize Apollo as he strips away his opponent's skin. The painting neither celebrates not condemns the barbarism. Rather Apollo kneels like a supplicant over Marsyas's torso as he cuts it away. This lends a strange sense to the relationship between the two competitors, this and the care as Apollo goes about the body of his opponent. Indeed, he works with the gentle intensity of the artist. He uses a knife to draw away the surface from the flesh, yet he could almost be painting it back on. The audacity of this rendering — at once a tender celebration of his art, by a painter who mastered the rendering of skin and surface as few had done before him, and a bitterly ironic comment upon it — is breathtaking.

In this, one of Titian's last works, he paints himself in the young Apollo. Perhaps Titian was seeking to reconcile himself to the price others — his competitors — must have paid for his own success. Perhaps he acknowledges that a lifelike portrait does in a way steal someone's appearance from them. But there is no sense of guilt at this, only supreme fatality.

Titian had reason to identify with the victor, yet knew that however divine a painter he might be, he too was dying; that all he would leave behind were the canvas surfaces that he had coloured. To die when he could paint like this . . . If Titian is in a way Apollo he is also Marsyas. Ovid has Marsyas calling out, 'Why are you stripping me of myself?' This was the theme Titian chose as his bodily powers ebbed despite his skill. Behind the kneeling Apollo stand two figures. A servant also flays the body, cutting at the legs. His look is quite distinct from Apollo's. He is to Apollo like an artisan is to an artist, a master-craftsman (such as a butcher) to a sculptor. Whereas Apollo leans forward, the servant holds himself back; while Apollo puts himself into his skill, the servant demonstrates his mastery by separating himself from the task in hand. He is doing his job, he is committed to doing it well. But it is a task that he has been set, not one that he has chosen or necessarily desired. Apollo, by contrast, is committed to the task itself. This is why he seems loving in his attitude.

Also behind Apollo there stands another musician, a celebrant, in an ecstatic pose, looking upwards to the glories beyond: his is the imagination that is oblivious to its immediate surroundings, that senses the drama and the triumph without looking: lyricism. He is not actually playing at the moment — there is a strange silence to the gathering. Just as the artisan-butcher embodies Apollo's application without his commitment, so the musician with Apollo's lyre embodies his rapt poetic expression, but without its focused concentration. One personifies practical skill the other expressive genius. Thus the two standing figures, the butcher and the musician are joined together by the Apollo that kneels across in front of them. He is both of them.

On the left, then, four artists. Four, because Marsyas himself is joined to them in the composition by the way his body is turned in their direction. On the right, four onlookers. Standing, the second satyr. He and the servant are both bearded which reinforces the human/animal relationship and they form a pair across the hairy legs. The Satyr, with his lined, active intelligence, watches with great concentration yet unfocused gaze. In his right hand he holds a bucket, perhaps to wash away, or to collect the blood. His left hand is held upwards, in agonized tension. It is as if he is willing Marsyas to strike back, but knows that it is hopeless. Instead he stands in agitated attendance. One feels that he is the only onlooker who wants to be able to narrate the story of what is happening (as if for the sake of satyrs everywhere).

'The singing prison which is our body. . .'

In front of him, the only seated figure in the composition is Midas. This too, it is suggested, is Titian. (It has been suggested that this Midas-Titian figure is also a homage to Michelangelo.) The aged and resigned observer seems, in his pose and by his regard, to say 'how tragic, or pathetic, that this is life'. Midas himself had had a run-in with Apollo. In a competition between Pan and Apollo he had once awarded the palm of victory to Pan, whereupon Apollo had given Midas asses ears. These can be seen shadowly in the painting. For all his wisdom, then, Midas too is animal.

Standing by his lap is a young child. Already he so accepts the scene before him that he looks out — to regard us as he might gaze at a camera that had given away its presence. The child's stare draws us into the picture. while his innocent presence reinforces, validates even, the shocking tenderness of Apollo. In terms of the composition this is echoed in the way the child holds the dog by its collar, just as Apollo holds back the peeled skin of Marsyas.

The black dog is the final onlooker.

ALTHOUGH there is much that is feminine about the skin and the appearance of Apollo and his muse, this is a composition about flesh but without women. The female presence, however, binds the painting together with harmonic simplicity. At the very centre of the canvas, as if radiating light across the soft and as yet unscarred waist of Marsyas is his belly-

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button; his navel, his connection with the womb. It exercises a commanding presence over the painting of a special sort, it pushes your gaze outwards in all directions. Many who have looked at the painting have failed to notice this, in the way that one does not notice the sun on a sunny day. The most powerful movement from the navel is downwards. As you lower your eyes towards those of Marsyas, a thin stream of blood pours past his lips, runs down his forearm like a mentrual flow, and splashes to the ground. In the fable the earth soaks up the blood and tears and, in protest against Apollo's ruthlessness, issues them forth as a river — symbol of fertility and renewal.

In the painting the blood spreads outwards in both directions. Thereafter, the colour red surreptitiously encircles the picture. This cannot be appreciated fully in a black and white reproduction. But if you look leftwards Apollo's boot is bright red, while the loose singlet of the musician is a clear pink. Each of Marsyas's legs have been tied with bows of bright red ribbon, that pin the encirclement across the top. The pink of the Satyr's left shoulder leads on to the rich, light-red cloak of Midas that drapes back towards the blood itself as it folds upon the ground. The child holds the dog's red collar, whilst the dog's tongue pants forward. Having thus encircled the painting we are back at the pool of blood itself, from which the puppy feeds, its small hairy tail erect.

The composition is focused, the scene is terrrible, and crowded. Yet none of the men or beasts in the picture look at the same things or at each other. Their lines of vision nowhere meet. This gives an uncanny openness to the picture.

Each of the 'looks' is different too: the victim, the artist, the workman, the celebrant, the witness, the philospher, the child and the dog. These 'looks' do not reduce the figures in the painting to stereotypes. Rather they are present within a continuum sustained in at least two ways. First, by the relationship of the beast and the god-like, of the animal/human, in each. Second by all the ages of the men that are present. 'The Ages of Man' is another type of genre painting which — like the crucifixion — Titian takes on and surpasses. In a sense *The Flaying of Marsyas* is Titian's farewell: he is present in every figure; the painting itself a spiritual and bodily autobiography. Through it he reflects with intense and secular finality upon his life as an artist.

If I am right in this, then the painting's truthfulness means it is necessarily 'unfinished'. The brush must be put down before one draws one's last breath. Perhaps Titian tried to defy this fatality. Certainly he did not seek to engrave a polished epitaph. Instead, he invoked all his knowledge that told him he would die and all his skill of observation and rendering, in an attempt to imagine his own death. Works of art live on. None that I have seen has ever shown with such lucidity how, despite this, even supreme artists cannot imagine their own death — only that of others. The eyes of Marsyas tell us that.

They also tell us how 'unnatural' is the death we witness in the painting. Animals may altogether lack formal imagination but even in their brutality they do not kill so needlessly and with such deliberation. If Apollo seems 'inhuman' this is self-deception. Humans alone kill like this. Those Apollo-artists who at this moment are perfecting the latest micro-miniaturization of trigger circuitry; the dedication of the artisan engineer who implements its design; the lyrical celebration of supremacy which accompanies these achievements; these exist today. And on the other side, the helplessness of those of us with our futile buckets who identify with the victim; the thoughtful, mature appearance of those with their asses ears who know it all and are resigned; the accepting naivety of the child who inquires only as to our response; the vacuous observation of the black dog as the puppy laps the blood. Here is one picture of ourselves.

But there is a difference. For in the story of Marsyas the earth defies the verdict as a spring rises from the blood. If tomorrow the planet is skinned alive, then the rivers themselves will turn to poison. This we know. But, try as we may, can the human race imagine its own death? If we look at Titian's last work in the light that is cast by nuclear weapons, it can be seen not only as a painting of a disgusting pagan myth but also as a picture of our present humanity: of what we are doing to ourselves. □

HUMAN RACE
NUCLEAR RACE
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Left write

Mervyn Jones

Voices from Arts for Labour
ed. NICKI JACKOWSKA *Pluto* £4.95
Publishing for People
ed. BOB BAKER & NEIL HARVEY
London Labour Library £1.95

Clifford Harper

EVER SINCE it became possible to support a nominally Socialist political party and elect a potentially Socialist government — and even before that, in the days of Morris and Shaw — writers and artists have pondered on the relationship between social renovation and artistic creativity. Ideally, the current should flow both ways. Poets and singers should awaken the popular imagination, stirring discontent and hope; revolution, or even reform, should bring in a new society in which creative expression will be everyone's right and everyone's opportunity. Time and experience have shown that it isn't quite so simple.

'Arts for Labour' is, we're told, 'an organization of those working in the arts who are active in support of Labour and the trade union movement'. It would sound more inviting, I think, if it were called 'Arts for Socialism'. Among the writers and artists I know who would call themselves Socialists, some belong to the Labour Party, some to other parties or movements on the Left, while some prefer to maintain their independence and don't belong to anything except, perhaps, CND.

Even those who are in the Labour Party offer that allegiance, in most cases, primarily as citizens, motivated by their concern about unemployment, the dangers to the Health Service and so forth. Neither in opposition nor in government has Labour done much to gain the confidence of the artist as an artist. Very few, surely, would subscribe to Nicki Jackowska's statement in **Voices from Arts for Labour** that 'our first, single and overriding task is to return a Labour government to power'. *Single?* I don't suppose, on reflection, she believes that herself. It's an example of a fault pervasive among contributors to this book: the use of words for emphasis regardless of their actual meaning.

The Socialist Book Fair, one of the more heartening enterprises of recent years, is the occasion for the appearance of **Publishing for People**, which is in fact an extended programme and can be bought at the Fair itself for £1*. It's good value, containing as it does a full and efficiently compiled directory of radical bookshops, publishers and magazines. It's good to see so many of them, even though some may not — in these hard times, and in view of the extinction of the GLC — exist next year. The themes of the 1985 Fair are 'Publishing for People' and 'Fighting Censorship' and this publication includes some thoughtful and useful contributions relevant to these topics. Notably, Ken Worpole writes an instructive and scrupulously honest piece based on his years of experience in radical publishing and bookselling.

I couldn't, on the other hand, advise anyone to fork out a fiver for *Voices*, which strikes me as a minatory model of how not to produce a book. It isn't edited so much as thrown together, with no consistency either of subject-matter or of style and no perceptible thought of what the audience might be. Most of the contributions read like pieces that the writer hadn't managed to place elsewhere: from Edward Bond, a characteristic sample of his special brand of rigorously logical silliness; from Alan Brownjohn, a reminiscent schoolboy's view of the 1945 election, which might have made a passable *Guardian* feature; from Paul Butler, a pompous and rebarbative piece of art criticism, denouncing the theories advanced by Roger Fry in 1912; from Alan Plater, an extended diary of the making of a television programme. There are also chunks of original writing — poems, stories, extracts from unpublished novels — of which the best one can say is that they must have been chosen to reward the writer's commitment to helping the Labour Party. There are better poems, as a matter of fact, in *Publishing for People*, although these aren't very impressive either.

One question that worries me after reading these books is: why is it that people whose central interests are literary (even when they vote Labour and have generally Left attitudes) find so little of value in the writing, and still less in the criticism, produced by the mobilised Left? One answer may be that they are put off by the perpetually negative, carping tone, of which instances recur throughout these books. In an honest, though execrably written, piece, Bob Baker points out that, in the intervals of 'fighting censorship', we ourselves zestfully play the role of censor; and there is indeed something unattractive in the eager hunting down of any possible vestige of racism or sexism. For example (also in *Publishing for People*) Helen Carr and Deborah Philips complain: 'Anita Brookner may win the Booker Prize, but it is her life as a lady academic that is of note.' True, of course, the media do emphasise the personalities of those — men as well as women — who win prizes or otherwise get into the news. However, Anita Brookner herself proclaims that she's primarily an art historian and writes her novels in the holidays (as one might guess from reading them) and it would seem to me that for a gifted woman to pursue two successful careers instead of just one is a legitimate matter of interest, and even a positive feminist point.

Despite all the efforts made by radical publishers and despite the (real though inadequate) help supplied by such schemes as the writer-in-residence network, the contemporary achievement in Socialist writing — likewise in working-class writing — remains sadly slight when set against that of the 1930s. We have yet to discover today's Lewis Jones, Gwyn Thomas or Lewis Grassic Gibbon. One reason may be that new talents must germinate in the incoherent, fragmented inner-city environment, not in the traditional working-class community with its powerful inheritance of memory and language; those Thirties writers tended to be Welsh or Scottish. I see from *Publishing for People* that there is now a Federation of Worker Writers and Community Publishers and that 160 worker writers, from 30 workshops up and down the country, attended the 1985 gathering. Let's keep hoping. □

**This year's Socialist Book Fair, the ninth, will be on at the Royal Festival Hall from 31 October-2 November.*

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What is socialism?

Steven Lukes

The Politics of Socialism: An Essay in Political Theory
JOHN DUNN *Cambridge* £15 & £4.95
Against Socialist Illusion: A Radical Argument
DAVID SELBOURNE *Macmillan* £25 & £8.95
Arguing for Socialism: Theoretical Considerations
ANDREW LEVINE *Routledge* £15.95

SOME MONTHS AGO a Labour MP wrote to me asking me to define 'socialism'. I have delayed answering him until now for the task, as I began to think about it, began to assume alarming proportions. I could have sent him a list of quotations from my favourite socialist thinkers. Or I could have written him a scholarly essay, distinguishing the various socialist traditions, sorting out all the rich complexity of pre-Marxist, Marxist and non-Marxist socialisms, examining the various versions of utopianism and science (the former usually claiming to be the latter), separating the Leninists and the Trotskyists from the Kautskyists and the Luxemburgists, and exploring the proliferating forms of social democracy.

It would have been fun but it was, I knew, not what he wanted. He wanted, and presumably still wants, an interpretation of the socialist tradition in the form of a set of basic constitutive principles that meets two conditions: first, that it captures a significant proportion of those who have called themselves, and been called, socialists; second, that it make a plausible, defensible case now, in which the constitutive principles suggested can indicate, under present conditions, where one stands on the major economic, political and cultural questions of our age.

I delayed answering him, in the rather quaint hope that reading these three books might help me answer his mind-numbing question. They are, in fact, not altogether unhelpful. They certainly help negatively by showing how *not* to answer his question.

John Dunn and David Selbourne are collectors of socialist illusions, an endlessly rewarding hobby. Though not short of material, they handle it, however, very differently. Dunn's approach is diagnostic and his tone more than somewhat lofty. Socialist politics 'has proved lamentably prone to self-deception, to the inability to face up to the bad news about its own cognitive and moral limitations'. It has 'been sucked deeply into the machiavellian vortex of violence and fraud by those who have perverted its ideals in the heat of the struggle for political transformation or travestied them shamelessly in the quest for personal power'. Dunn's book is essentially an illustrated catalogue of these contentions.

Its message is clear. The 'socialist hope' requires 'of its political exponents the capacity to win the trust and support of the majority of a population in terms of their existing beliefs and sentiments and to use such power as it gains in a manner which deserves their trust because its consequences genuinely do serve their interests'. Can either be done? Dunn answers this question with another — or rather three. Socialists must discover 'what form of political power and organization might actually aid the extension of socialism', 'why existing socialist institutions and expedients have not worked very well (particularly in production)' and 'why they can be expected to work better in the future'. To these pressing questions Dunn's book gives no answer at all.

Nor does Selbourne's. Partly this is because he is even more sceptical of the 'socialist hope' than Dunn, though unlike him in claiming to offer a 'radical' argument from the left. For him the illusions are inherent in socialism itself — a set of 'ideas and fantasies' which, as Herzen said, life is 'under no obligation to realize'. His approach is that of direct combat and his tone engaged and polemical, calling for a return to pre-socialist radicalism. For him, the 'principal political battle of our age', systematically ignored by the left, is 'the rearguard protection of the physical and mental integrity of the individual person, and of his or her fundamental rights as a human being'. The only meaning that can now be given to the notion of social progress is in terms of 'the values of individual or collective resistance to lies, cruelty and political violence, in whatever cause, and however rhetorically ennobled'. Indeed, 'the democratic, let alone socialist, control of our "destinies" has itself become a utopian prospect'.

This is a bleak vision indeed, wildly and eloquently overstated, and appealing throughout to an undisclosed hot-line to the 'real' working class. Socialist illusions, for Selbourne, are 'middle-class fictions quite remote from actual working-class experience'. Maybe so, but Selbourne's analysis oddly reproduces one of the more illusion-enhancing features of traditional socialist rhetoric: its appeal to the authority of the Holy Working Class. Nevertheless too many of his scatter-gun attacks hit home for contemporary socialist comfort, not least his repeated insistence on the genuine strength of 'libertarian' appeals to broad segments of the population, and his suggestion that working-class history is 'rooted in popular voluntarist conceptions of social justice, economic independence and individual freedom'. And there is food for thought in his suggestion that there is an anti-authoritarian thrust to these aspects of the labour movement, along with the 'hidden resistance' to 'welfare provision' and the 'labour ethic of self-reliance', that the left might well take on board.

Selbourne like Dunn urges us to face facts. We need, he says, 'to grasp the actual direction of today's social and economic tendencies under Western capitalist conditions: of continuing unemployment without popular rebellion, in an increasingly degraded environment, and accompanied by the increasing risk of mass destruction'. But his book gives us no help here. Nor does Levine's which scrupulously avoids such questions, focusing entirely on the 'moral-philosophical bases' of socialism and the standards against which socialism and capitalism can be compared. Rather cheerfully,

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he concludes that 'despite (somewhat considerable) indeterminacy, socialism fares better than capitalism with respect to values widely shared throughout our political culture'. Yet his case is weakened by his failure to address the evidence of history which so overwhelms Dunn and Selbourne. Examining 'visions of historically feasible social orders, not actual societies', he holds that 'blame for existing socialism lies much less with its political economic arrangements than with conjunctural historical and political circumstances.' Compare Dunn's acute remark that one 'major impediment to thinking about socialism is the practice of using the term to refer not to sets of specific human institutions, actual or potential, but to purely imaginary and stipulatively ideal conditions.'

I have not yet replied to my parliamentary correspondent. I have to figure out if there is a way to apply the principles Levine so ably defends in a manner free from the illusions Dunn and Selbourne so relentlessly display. □

Hope still

Bernard Crick

The Power of the Powerless
VÁCLAV HAVEL *et al. Hutchinson* £16.95

IF THERE WERE a league table of oppression and desolation, Czechoslovakia unhappily deserves to rate high. Many peoples suffer more from their governments by clear indices of imprisonment, but the relative deprivation of the Czechs and Slovaks is so great because they know that before 1939 they were the very model of a democratic, prosperous and civilised new nation, after the war they had brief hope of being the great cultural, economic and political bridge between East and West, and then the equally brief, but vividly intense, Dubcek spring when it looked as if a self-willed and popular democratic socialism was emerging in the Eastern bloc.

Here now are translated for the first time the ten essays from a famous samizdat collection of 1979 'On Freedom and Power'. Only two of the authors have not been to prison, two have been in both Nazi and Communist prisons and all have been banned from writing and removed from their teaching or artistic jobs. The 'Notes on Contributors' make poignant reading and could well have been printed first.

The editor of this volume, John Keane, points out that the essays represent 'the flowering of intellectual speculation' in the brief period between the bold 'Charter Declaration 1977', which simply asked the Czech Government to observe the letter of the Helsinki Agreement on human rights, and the subsequent persecution of its signatories and supporters. The title essay is by the chosen main spokesman for 'Charter', the playwright Václav Havel. His essay, like the others, is very unexpected. It is neither 'an appeal to the West' nor a direct defence of liberty, but a series of almost introverted reflections on the special nature of the new regime and on how the values of ordinary, decent human life can possibly be maintained under their noses — as again in Václav Benda's speculation about 'the parallel polis'. They write about the condition they know in the terms in which it has to be lived. They have no hope of rebellion or sudden change nor personal desire for exile. There is, almost to a fault, very little comparison with other East bloc countries. They aim to make their government uncomfortable in their country just by the example of carrying on ordinary life. This very introversion makes these essays more telling, interesting and morally impressive than any amount of intellectually easy, if equally brave, Areopagiticaising.

Czechoslovaks suffer so much inwardly, as well as in outward restraints, because they believed in 1968, as a national and a democratic movement, that another way was possible; until crushed by Soviet power. The authors insist that they were not 'dissidents', odd-men-out among their people; on the contrary, they are simply speaking out loud and honestly, as professional writers, what nearly everyone thinks. Even the creeps and power-hungry have no alternative ideology. The Czech people, unlike the Russian, would see the regime off if they could; and, therefore, the oppression is the harsher. The authors' only hope is a kind of empiricist metaphysics: the unpredictability of free actions. People under immediately hopeless oppression must still believe that things *can* change, must not accept in despair the belief of their oppressors in permanence.

Steven Lukes, in a thoughtful introduction, quotes from an exiled author, Milan Simecka — in his ironically titled study, *The Restoration of Order: the Normalization of Czechoslovakia:*

> [official socialism] has turned a movement totally geared to the future into a self-satisfied present. It has thus stolen from socialism any future it might have had. There can be no other way of understanding the term: indeed that is how it is officially interpreted. What it says is that socialism as a model for a just and ever-changing society has ceased to exist; socialism is neither more nor less than the system we have in the Soviet Union and the countries of eastern Europe . . . an 'ostensive' definition.

These extraordinary essays scorn the present and reach into the past to keep alive some hope for the future. Everyone concerned with the production of this book, not only the brave authors, should be thanked. □

Winners: 1985 'Publishing for People' Awards

Best first novel/collection of short stories or poetry: *Oranges Are Not the Only Fruit* Jeanette Winterson (Pandora)
Best Campaigning Book (Sponsored by the *New Statesman*): *Digging Deeper* ed. Huw Beynon (Verso)
Best popular history/autobiography: *Living and Winning* Pauline Wiltshire (Centreprise)
Best work in translation: *The Ship of Widows* I. Grekova (Virago)
Best Designed book: *Blood, Sweat and Tears* (Artworkers Books)

Prizes to be presented by Stuart Hall at the Opening of the Socialist Bookfair, 1-2pm Thursday 31 October at the Festival Hall.

Those in peril

M. H. Ryle

Living with the Bomb
DOROTHY ROWE *Routledge* £4.95

THE PROLIFERATION of books about nuclear weapons may be healthy evidence that we are confronting our collective peril, but I am sometimes troubled by a sense that, failing to remove their cause, we are drowning our fears in words. *Living with the Bomb,* I thought, being written by a psychologist, might say something about such existential dilemmas, as well as opening a fresh perspective on a debate more usually conducted in political, strategic and ethical terms.

Unfortunately, it is rather a shapeless book. It's often unclear what larger theme is being developed, particularly when long stretches elapse with no mention of 'the Bomb'; and this inconsequential manner grows positively irritating when we are invited to accept, as cornerstones of the argument, such assertions as 'facts never alter attitudes', 'language creates reality and not reality language', or 'men are the death sex'. Many readers will prefer to dispense with the loose framework Rowe provides, and pursue their own reflections on the material she has assembled.

Two questions dominate the book: which social-psychological dispositions contribute to our present state of murderous deterrence, and how can people live a 'normal' life under the threat of nuclear war? On the first of these, Rowe reworks familiar assumptions (about the competitive psychology of the male, about how we identify ourselves as against an Other/Enemy) without offering any further enlightenment. Moreover, she conflates individual psychology with the structures of global politics, endorsing the psychoanalyst Alice Miller's claim that 'the stockpiling of nuclear weapons is only a symbol of bottled-up feelings of hatred and of the accompanying inability to perceive and articulate genuine human needs'. This may have its truth; but one still wants to rejoin that nuclear weapons — unfortunately — are not 'only' symbols of anything, and certainly don't represent just the damaged psyches of individuals.

This psychological reductionism, this refusal of politics, also pervades Rowe's account of how we cope with the prospect of nuclear war. Most people, she suggests, take refuge in denial or rationalisation (chapters are entitled 'It'll never happen', 'There's nothing we can do', 'We need the Bomb'): but what would be the right, healthy response? Something more, surely, than changes in consciousness, important though these are. But it's such changes that Rowe ends up advocating, in threadbare phrases: 'we would need to learn more about how we understand others', 'we could learn better ways of informing ourselves about what is happening in the world around us'. 'Some of us', she has noted earlier, turn our despair into action: 'we join the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament', 'we camp outside missile bases'.

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The weary tone implies that this is just another option like the rest. But in a world where politics (as her case-histories testify) can cause deep psychological pain, maybe it is a psychological need — as well as a political responsibility — to 'join' and to take action? □

FICTION

Only make believe

Bill Greenwell

Heavenly Deception
MAGGIE BROOKS *Chatto* £8.95
Boating for Beginners
JEANETTE WINTERSON *Methuen* £8.95 & £3.50
Three of a Kind
RACHEL INGALLS *Faber* £8.95
The Prague Orgy
PHILIP ROTH *Cape* £5.95
Flashman and the Dragon
GEORGE MACDONALD FRASER *Collins* £9.95

A BAD WEEK for the believers. Four of these novels peel away layers of faith, exposing a hole where there is supposed to be soul. Surrender to religion and you abandon identity (Brooks), succumb to the lure of loopy myth (Winterson), become tangled in webs of hypocrisy and deception (Ingalls) or follow a concept for which millions will meet pointless slaughter (MacDonald Fraser). Bracketing Flashman's latest appearance with the others may seem, superficially, to be the final, demented act of a reviewer bent on forging spurious links. But no. Its backcloth is the most unholy 'holy' war in human history. Roth's novel differs only in that his characters' faiths, which imperil person and personality, are secular. Otherwise he is, like the others, depicting what Eliot called a wilderness of mirrors.

Maggie Brooks's second novel, **Heavenly Deceptions,** is much better than her promising debut, *Loose Connections.* Its subject is the Moonie sect — a soft touch, you might think, since its acts of spiritual lobotomy are not novel targets. Nevertheless, Brooks writes with tremendous warmth, a natural knack for dialogue and such persuasive narrative skill that, travelling further into the cult's clutches, your brain feels insidiously sapped. Its simple story — one sister searching for another, who's vanished — is apparently based on real-life investigation. It begs to be read; resists caricature; and has you fumbling, like its principal character, in a ragbag of knowledge, attempting to fend off that philosophical nonsense which marshmallows the brain.

With Jeanette Winterson's **Boating for Beginners** we are in wackier water, some time shortly before the Flood. In her odd, almost brazen whimsy, Noah turns out not merely to be God's inventor — accidentally 'out of a piece of gâteau and a giant electric toaster' — but also Barbara Cartland's buddy. The latter is satirised as Bunny Mix, and she's the one who comes up with the dove and the rainbow when the old boatbuilder is toshing up some acceptable myth. Winterson's central figure is Gloria, whose pet elephant gets her in with the Noahs. Winterson's jokes occasionally misfire, but her confection has sufficient sparkle to keep you smiling. There's a good one about how you clear your mind: you concentrate on Martin Amis. *Boating for Beginners* is always pleasantly frivolous, extracting much interesting mick from the Old Testament and from the parallel mythologies pulped out by glossy magazines. Mixing these two different ingredients is original, unusual and jolly.

Rachel Ingalls is one of 20 credited by the troika of British literary pundits as having written a Great American Novel — *Mrs Caliban.* Lesser known though her name is, it's one with which few will quibble on further acquaintance. Her dexterity is in being direct, deceptively gentle, even when, as in *Mrs Caliban,* her material is surreal. **Three of a Kind** contains three tales, related only by theme; and one concerns a monk who makes love to an angel, becomes pregnant and grows breasts. But her style's sufficiently supple to make the fantastic plausible. Here, each tale develops the notion that faith creates smokescreens, begets fraud, causes petty and deluded jealousy. Ingalls could, indeed, have used Maggie Brooks's title. 'Sometimes, if you have faith,' suggests Flora, the first tale's protagonist, 'it makes things true.' Her husband's taciturn, saturnine chauffeur levels this cool response: 'It's deception. Self-deception always makes people feel good.' The second tale even occupies similar territory to Brooks's. Another young woman, Beverley, on ski-ing holiday in Austria, meets acolytes of a sect called the Fountain of Light. The connections between Ingalls's stories are not, however, forced — they're constructed of her subtle ironies. Her most skilful trick is to provide three of those memorable endings which, initially unpredictable, seem with hindsight to have been signposted all along.

Philip Roth's novella **The Prague Orgy** is a coda to his Zuckerman trilogy (one of which is also in The Big Twenty). Like Ingalls, Roth bamboozles his readers very artfully. His persona, Zuckerman, embarks on a search for missing manuscripts — 200 stories in Yiddish, written by the father of Sisovsky, a Czech exile ensconced in Manhattan with ex-actress Eva, another exile. Zuckerman, persuaded of the manuscripts' value by Sisovsky, travels to Prague, where they are in the possession of Olga, Sisovsky's ex-wife. Olga is a victim of her own madness, and of the repressive Czech regime. She speaks in violent irony, and acts in a provocative, unsettling manner. She also accuses Sisovsky of fabricating myths about his father, sending shock-waves through the novel. By its end, we can no longer confidently define the motives of any of the four principals, nor distinguish, in Prague or Manhattan, what is reality, what is deception. This tale is in every sense dazzling.

Finally, **Flashman and the Dragon,** every bit as good as its seven predecessors. We're set down in China, in 1860, where Flashy's familiar bluster is ghosted into the thick of history with George MacDonald Fraser's habitual brilliance. Rather less obsessed than usual with pressing himself on female flesh, our anti-hero pops up in the camp of Hung Hsiu-Chan, made leader of a fanatical semi-Christian sect, which challenged the Manchu dynasty. As with all Flashman novels, half the pleasure is in MacDonald Fraser's skill in writing himself in and out of tight historical corners — and in the poker-faced footnotes. Long may this writer's index-files continue to bulge. □

Neighbours

Peter Norman

We sleep on twin rafts, back to back,
humping for warmth, sealed in black,
blind to our indecent adjacencies.

At times, contingently, we meet
in the neutral air; breezily we greet
each other, trading complacencies.

We chat while the clothes line gently sags.
Our talk's a running-line of flags;
the codebook's lost — between us there's a wall.

Others are likewise adrift; they shout
and wave to us. At night a strung-out
chain of survivors dreams of landfall.

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Shorter reviews

The Periodic Table

PRIMO LEVI *Michael Joseph* £9.95

For those of us so ill-educated that we are driven to a dictionary to find out what the periodic table is, this book is a wonderfully corrective experience. While warmly recommended to any reader, it is particularly urged upon those whose early separation from science subjects has left any residual sense of superiority, any false notion that science is boring, dull and divorced from the life of the imagination.

Persist past the first chapter — in which the simile of the inert gas argon seems a contrived introduction to the author's immediate ancestry — and you will find a satisfyingly organic chain of stories about 'a trade and its defeats, victories and miseries' and about the life of the man engaged in that trade. From the first practical and risky demonstration in the illicit cold of a schoolfriend's older brother's lab, through university classes and youthful friendship, via mine and factories and partisanship (glimpsed only between lines) and capture (leading to Auschwitz), into slow post-war resettlement and eventual managerial work, these reflections are linked by the gritty, demanding excitement of investigating, coaxing, respecting the fabric of life.

There are two tough little fictions included, as strange as the elements they illuminate, but perhaps nothing so incapsulates the romance of chemistry as the concluding description of the history of an atom of carbon. It seems at first sight odd that Dr Levi should be so censorious of those ultimate dreamers the alchemists, but at second sight it becomes clear that nothing is as repugnant as the close and subtle distortion of the very passion that you yourself feel.

The Periodic Table is as vigorous and as necessary as the mountains among which its author first learns about survival, its prose as essential as if it had been distilled rather than written (for which due credit, too, to translator Raymond Rosenthal). Dr Levi, family man, survivor, chemist, successful business executive and, to his nerve ends, writer, may well be exceptional in any society, but it is a depressing comment on ours that it is hard to envisage a British version of Primo Levi.

Gillian Wilce

Colette: A Passion for Life

GENEVIEVE DORMANN *Thames & Hudson* £25

'How amazing,' said someone, picking their way through the 488 illustrations of this book, 'to have actually had so many photographs taken of one.' In fact, the pictures aren't *entirely* of Colette — a smattering represent the writer's husbands, lovers, family and friends — but she certainly seems to have posed for the camera, not to mention the pencil and paintbrush, with a dedication only slightly less impressive than that of Princess Diana.

And dedication is precisely the quality captured by most of the images. There is one wonderful snapshot (coincidentally reminiscent of the famous Garbo publicity shot where the star stands flanked by a team of singlet-ed jocks) in which the sensuous 'peasant' Colette is caught, muscles hard and brown from the sun, in a holiday group of friends — but mostly this is the record of a performance; of 81 years of deliberate, rehearsed outrageousness; of a show that kept the bread coming in and prevented intruders doing likewise. Cecil Beaton, Cartier-Bresson, Cocteau, Matisse, Marcel Vertès: not even these seem able to have sneaked past the cupid's-bow lips and the kohl-blackened eyes of the mask.

Still, what a performance it was. How many *Grands Officiers* of the Légion d'Honneur and Presidents of the Académie Goncourt have exposed a breast on the music-hall stage, performed in mime as an Egyption mummy, run a disastrous beauty salon and kept a panther called Bâ-Tou?

Geneviève Dormann's accompanying text, translated by David Macey and Jane Brenton, can stagger the breath with its generalisations ('It is a well known fact that the sea puts all kinds of strange ideas into women's heads...') but, when it sticks to particulars, provides an informed and not unintelligent framework. It's the first book on Colette that I know of, for example, to question the psychological cause of her famous obsession with food and, an unexpected bonus in what is essentially a coffee-table book, includes some previously unpublished letters from Colette's stay in WW1 Verdun. All in all a fine introduction and a box of delights for the fans.

Harriett Gilbert

Hannibal's Footsteps

BERNARD LEVIN *Cape* £10.95

'Great idea! We get this distinguished opera critic type chap and we send him over the *Alps* the same way Hannibal went. (You know, the bloke with the elephants. No, Levin's not taking elephants. Don't be simple.) He drinks wine and meets various people and complains about things in this very witty way. And we get these fab photos of these mountains, right, and our little bloke trudging about in his walking shorts and these very butch boots.'

Hannibal's Footsteps is Bernard Levin's latest Enthusiasm, but Hannibal all but gets lost in this odd tour guide/travel diary/coffee-table book/television spin-off. (In the last chapter we finally meet the camera crew who accompanied our *promeneur solitaire*.) It is a self-indulgent travel magazine article fleshed out into a book with digressions on dogs and cats, Tolstoy, cooking, Martha Graham, French politics, boarding schools, silk shirts, detective novels, Romanticism and what-have-you. His humour is dry if a bit arch, and he works in an amazing number of literary allusions. At least a couple of the digressions are off the beam: Hawkeye was not the Last of the Mohicans for instance.

Still *Hannibal's Footsteps* has its moments. Bernard Levin walks across southern France from the Camargue to the Italian frontier, pausing along the way to have a 3-star meal, hunt truffles, milk some goats, attend a performance of *Don Carlos* at the Roman amphitheatre in Orange and celebrate a village Bastille Day. Elsewhere the silence of the landscape is broken only by the sound of Levin grinding axes. He is a sensitive and appreciative traveller, but he rambles in more ways than one.

Sarah Lawson

Breaking Silence: Lesbian Nuns on Convent Sexuality

ed. ROSEMARY CURB and NANCY MANAHAN *Columbus* £9.95

1985 seems to be the year of 'Women Challenging Christianity': first we saw the re-publication of Elizabeth Cady Stanton's *A Woman's Bible* (Polygon), then Michèle Roberts's *The Wild Girl* (Methuen), now *Breaking Silence* — and all this while debate still rages over the ordination of women in the Church of England. Little wonder, then, that this book has caused its own stir in the USA, the Republic of Ireland and, to a lesser extent, this country.

But what exactly has caused this controversy? Is it that nuns can have a sexuality other than a presumed heterosexual one; that nuns are sexual at all? Is it that some nuns have reconciled an active, genital lesbian sexuality with their vows of chastity and remained within a patriarchal religion? Or is it the 'simple' act of speaking out that has so enraged? In an age when women *still* seldom discuss our autonomous sexuality, it is hard to pinpoint the outrage, but surely a prime consideration is that nuns, along with teachers, the military, mothers, etc., have the power to shape the lives of others and lesbian nuns therefore represent a dangerous, manifold and fundamental challenge to patriarchal control.

All these points, and many more, are discussed in this collection of personal testimonies from past and present lesbian nuns. I found these accounts brave, heart-rending, uplifting, at times downright erotic and often surprising. For example, many women join convents not as a religious vocation nor as an escape from an alienating mundane world, but as a positive desire to integrate into a community of women. And integrity — their wholeness — is what the majority find. Another, less surprising fact that emerges is that convent sexuality is as diverse as any other. And perhaps no surprise at all is that racism and classism are as rife in the Church as anywhere.

So many myths are exploded, so many silences broken, so many barriers breached that this book is compulsive reading, thought provoking and therefore highly recommended.

Barbara Smith

The Hogarth Letters

introduced by HERMIONE LEE *Chatto* £9.95

The Hogarth Letters were written to be published so, with one exception, they remain unanswered, but they leave one's mind busy with unwritten response. The letters were commissioned by the Woolfs for the Hogarth Press in the early Thirties and appeared as pamphlets. They could be addressed to anyone — a relative, Hitler, a bishop — on any subject.

Raymond Mortimer writes an exuberant letter to a friend on how to look at painting. There is, he argues, no such thing as a wrong way to enjoy art. Sometimes his attempt to make us see afresh seems overstated but one hopes to catch his 'astonishment' over the French paintings at the Academy and to tumble out along Bond Street with him, 'transformed'.

Rosamond Lehmann's letter to a sister recalls her past fear: 'in all the crowd no one will wait for me and walk in step.' As an older woman, she meets herself again and it is, she says, like waking to realise you have been dreaming: 'And I thought, thought it was about life.'

It was, one answers, it was about life. There is nothing comparable in Virginia Woolf's disappointingly jocular letter to a poet in which she debates whether her 'Mrs Mop' representative of reality could settle down comportably into a poem. Peter Quennell's forthright response to this letter neatly raises objections. Francis Birrell's letter to his cousin and his cousin's wife in which he tells them they are stuffy and boring and should think about modelling themselves on the French is so sneering that it is only a slight relief to remember that the recipients of the letter are imaginary. Louis Golding's letter to Hitler about anti-semitism as an absolute is disturbing, L.A.G. Strong's letter to Yeats is distasteful self-promotion disguised as flattery to a great poet, while Lord Cecil's letter to an MP on disarmament is ironic, though the freshness of his argument survives. Virginia Woolf would not have agreed. She found Cecil's letter 'd...dull'. She could have said the same of J.C. Hardwick's letter to an archbishop. But on the whole this varied collection of letters is 'd...interesting'.

Kate Kellaway

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FILMS

Flesh and blood

John Coleman

Prizzi's Honour (15)
Odeon, Haymarket
The Flamingo Kid (15)
Cinecenta; Screen on Baker Street; Classic, Chelsea
Catholic Boys (15)
Cinecenta; Classic, Tottenham Court Road

JOHN HUSTON approaches his eighties with all the trepidation of a fellow launching just another killer punch. This bruiser's confidence, maybe stemming from a whirligig past that included amateur pugilism, dabbling in painting, riding to hounds in Ireland, marrying a few times, and all the while reading good and bad books and making good and bad movies out of them (not necessarily in that order), has given us the classic 1941 *The Maltese Falcon* — his openers as director — and a subsequent corpus of work of a variety, richness and awfulness beyond easy compare.

This makes him a difficult object to study for those committed to finding a coherent thread on which to crystallise glittering discourse. The fact should be faced that wilful Mr Huston fails the test as an *auteur*: he is, rather, a sterling journeyman; at his very best, shrewd and unbeatable when he takes on an author who suits him, as witness *The Asphalt Jungle*, bits of *The Red Badge of Courage* and *Reflections in a Golden Eye* and *The Night of the Iguana*. And... his career positively lends itself to the qualifying ampersand. . .*Fat City, Wise Blood* and such-like are there to testify to a relentless, slipshod gift that has embraced *The Treasure of Sierra Madre* (a loyal showcase for his fine actor-father Walter Huston's excellence), *The African Queen* (which interestingly reprised Bogart for sentiment), stabs at Freud and the floating world of the Moulin Rouge.

There has been a sort of casualness about Huston's film making, rightly associated with freaks like *Beat the Devil* — where a cosmopolitan, what-the-hell, let's-do-the-show-here, locational, vacationing kinship or camaraderie practically leaked the event into nonsense, wrongly picked up as a stick to beat the devil of levity into the ground. As a matter of record, a minor arrogance like this quite funny aberration ties tidily on to John Huston's latest, **Prizzi's Honour**, which is a sustained good joke at the expense of the Mafia.

Jack Nicholson, donated a fat upper lip and a beguiling bewilderment, plays Charley, hit-man or enforcer for the bad guys of Richard Condon's japing novel. This Charley, a right one, to whom killing is all in a day's work for his familial Prizzi bosses, is smitten by a woman glimpsed during a grand 'family' wedding. In a serpentine Condon plot (he wrote *The Manchurian Candidate*, after all), this bloated, Brooklyn-vowelled Charley makes lurching moves, in a vile yellow jacket wooing and winning the wicked Irene (Kathleen Turner),

Hitpersons Kathleen Turner and Jack Nicholson in *Prizzi's Honour*

herself a contract-killer. A whirlwind marriage between this unlikely pair lands bemused Charley in a terrible tug of loyalties, which Mr Nicholson's eyes — shifting from blank to tilt — miraculously convey. A little too much so, perhaps, for credulity when the marvellous croak-voiced Don Corrado Prizzi (William Hickey) ensures him a great future in the organisation, on what — in a conventional gangster movie — would be hideous terms.

But here the knives and bullets may be pleasantly felt as rubber. There are crazed set-pieces, such as a kidnap which has Irene self-involved as a baby-doll-carrying mama who shoots a top cop's wife; that protracted early cathedral wedding which roams around faces to show cops and robbers equally reverent in the congregation, as well as establishing the convolute mayhem to come. There is a deliberately screw-you recurring image of a plane, from NY to LA, as old-fashioned and funny film-grammar punctuation. There is also family. We try to avoid gossip-chaff-guff in these august columns; but Mr Nicholson's long-standing relationship with Anjelica Huston, daughter of the director, may be known to some.

Mrs Huston, hitherto a potential stalker through celluloid (beginning in papa's *A Walk With Love and Death*), here blooms angularly as the Don's disgraced granddaughter, once Charley's angel. Her performance as an avenging woman scorned becomes hugely part of the package. To see her donning Sicilian black garb and a meal-serving servility towards her mafioso dad is to laugh a lot: to find her awarded the radiant, win-all frame that ends the revel is to accept that her real-life dad mixes business with pleasure — and here gets away with it. If not the story of Huston's craggy, in-and-out relationship with the game of cinema, it is at least a creative item in it.

Elsewhere, the brains behind the money currently financing screen-pap seem to be heaven-bent on assuring us the kids are all *right*, okay? Happy films are in again, even if a 20-year swerve to nostalgia is needed as a selling hiatus. **The Flamingo Kid** is the more engaging of a couple set back in the never-never American Sixties. Starring Matt Dillon, a bland young actor whose principal claim to fame appears to be the kind of all-purpose good looks which can

Recommended viewing

A regular selection by our critic from films still doing the rounds

Dim Sum Hong Kong-born Wayne Wang's appealing mosaic portrait (with visual bows to Japanese master Ozu) of Chinese family in freshly observed San Francisco: widowed mother, unmarried daughter, cheery uncle. Touching, humorous, astringent, a young director's invitation to 'only connect'.

Witness Australian director Peter Weir in fine-tuned control of offbeat US thriller. Rugged but honest city policeman (Harrison Ford), grudgingly harboured from bent colleagues by time-warp Amish farmers, shares unconsummated love with Kelly McGillis's superb widow until the inevitable, estranging shoot-out.

The Purple Rose of Cairo Woody Allen's brilliantly faceted, sad-funny fantasy, as relevant to our depressed Eighties as its Depression Thirties. Actor in idiot movie descends from New Jersey screen briefly to woo movie-mad, downtrodden housewife, making chaos and whoopee. (Mia Farrow, Jeff Daniels).

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express diffidence or aggression at the will of a camera or, conceivably, director, it puts his Jeff, in the summer of 1963, through the deep anguish of moving from his decent Brooklyn home to the Long Island lures of becoming a cabin-boy at a club resort for the rich, where the tipping is easy. His plumber-father is temporarily outfaced and outpriced by Richard Crenna's well-played Brody, a rich card-sharp and car-salesman. The beach detail is often inventive (a small fat boy, a man revolving to get maximum solar exposure) and the dialogue is snappy. Pop songs are in cynical evidence on the sound-track.

Catholic Boys magic-carpets those ready for the ride to more Sixties Brooklyn and a seminary staffed by a sadist monk and a new nice one, presided over by Donald Sutherland who turns out a good Brother, not a moment too soon to save the bacon of five lads involved in would-be comical capers and will-they-be-sacked escapades but too late to rescue an affair of occasionally touching winsomeness. A boyish girl (Mary Stuart Masterson) is the star of this near stomach-turn, which features more tarnished pop on its track. □

MUSIC

The joys of sax

Charles Fox

There's more than one way to celebrate the centenary of D. H. Lawrence . . .

JOLLITY IS NOT a quality one associates immediately with D. H. Lawrence. Even in a year concerned with marking that writer's centenary, nobody has delved into the knockabout side of Lawrence's life or work. Not, at any rate, until Kate and Mike Westbrook were commissioned to devise a piece of musical theatre. They chose to come up with an adaptation of 'The Ass', one of those poems about flora or fauna which — maybe not so paradoxically — reveal Lawrence at his most human. Since it opened in Nottingham as part of the official festival, *The Ass* has been popping up for one- or two-night stands (Hemel Hempstead's Old Town Hall Arts Centre was a typical venue) en route to London's Riverside Studios.

Mike Westbrook is no stranger to this kind of enterprise. By the beginning of the 1970s, not so long after he had arrived in London from Plymouth, he was involved in community theatre, even collaborating with jugglers and fire eaters inside circus tents. A comparatively recent project was a jazz cabaret, *Mama Chicago*, about the life and times of Al Capone. And almost without cessation, for year after year, Westbrook has roamed Britain and the European mainland with his Brass Band, giving concerts but also marching in processions and taking part in local festivities. Not everyone responds to his brand of populism. One Northern working men's club paid the Brass Band off after the first set, but that was an isolated instance of cultural pique.

Peter Whyman assing about in style

Unlike most of his contemporaries on the jazz scene, Westbrook has been avid in setting music to words. *The Cortege*, arguably his major work, was built around poems in Spanish, French and Italian as well as English. Despite that, Englishness is at the heart of Westbrook's approach, revealed most notably in the many settings he has done of the half-dotty, half-sublime poems of William Blake. In handling Blake, Westbrook was respectful in the happiest sense. A much more fantastical manner distinguishes the Westbrooks' interpretation of Lawrence, every bit as English as Blake in his obsessions despite all that flitting between Mexico, Australia and the Mediterranean.

The action of the drama is confined to a café in Taormina, the town in which Lawrence wrote 'The Ass' — also, incidentally, where the Westbrooks wrote their script. Lawrence (played by Stephen Foxer) sits, soberly dressed, looking remarkably like the photographs of him, sporadically drinking wine. A jaunty overture points the direction of the piece — and from there onward it is music that seems to give plausibility to the happenings, a context rather than an accompaniment.

For the poem is dramatised in a literal sense, with every reference accounted for. So the ass is seen carrying Christ into Jerusalem, just as it also takes part in a caricatured copulation ('Poor ass, like man, always in rut') complete with exploding Roman candle. Lawrence doubles up as Jesus, as well as, more improbably, throwing himself into a bizarre fandango, behaving more like a brawny gipsy than a tubercular genius. But the music underlines everything, moving from Sicilian folk styles to modal jazz in an apparently seamless fashion.

Five performers take part: a violinist (Lesia Melnyk), an accordionist doubling on clarinet (Trevor Allen), Kate Westbrook playing tenor horn, piccolo and bamboo flute as well as singing (a bit too vehemently at times), while Mike Westbrook oscillates between piano and tuba, wearing a greasy homburg hat and assuming the mien of a seedy entrepreneur. All have different musical identities, some benign, others abrasive. But the real revelation is the playing — mostly on soprano saxophone but also on clarinet — of Peter Whyman, very much a newcomer but extraordinarily confident, already something of a virtuoso. He even achieves the tricky feat of blowing his saxophone while wearing the ass's head.

Bereft of the music, the events on stage would probably come across as too grotesque. The words too — Lawrence's poem plus an excerpt from the Letters — are sometimes hard to catch, although things may go more smoothly when the production reaches Hammersmith on 30 October (it will run at Riverside Studios for a fortnight, except on Mondays). What persists, though, from overture to the Sicilian rave-up near the end, is a sense of euphoria, what might be glimpsed as the brighter side of the life force. For that the assorted instrumentalists deserve much praise. □

MUSIC

Lingua franca

Andrew Clements

From laboratories deep in the Pompidou Centre emerges the latest in electronic and computer-based composition

IT WAS 15 YEARS AGO that Georges Pompidou tempted Pierre Boulez back to Paris with the promise of a brand new music research centre, to be built in the bowels of the Beaubourg, and a free hand in determining its policy and direction. The reality of the *Institut de Recherche et Co-ordination Acoustique/Musique* may now be rather different from what Boulez and Pompidou envisaged — different indeed from the organisation that was first announced to the musical world in 1974 — but one of its aims has been achieved: IRCAM is now generally accepted as the leader in many aspects of new-music innovation and France is back at the forefront of the avant garde.

There is scarcely a leading European composer who has not been invited to use IRCAM's facilities even if not all of them have had equally happy experiences there. The initial structure encompassed all aspects of contemporary composition, with departments responsible for instruments and voice (under the direction of Luciano Berio), electro-acoustic music (headed by Vinko Globokar) and computer applications (under Jean-Claude Risset). Now, though, IRCAM's attention is virtually exclusively focused upon computers; Berio and Globokar are no longer associated with it and the Institute's activities have been extended to teaching and public performances (through the house band, the Ensemble Intercontemporain), spreading the gospel of the new techniques and sounds offered by the highly sophisticated processing systems installed there.

Leading that campaign has been Boulez himself, and the development of his composition *Répons* has in many ways been regarded as the test of how IRCAM is shaping, and how its techniques may be deployed by an

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enormously talented composer. The *Ensemble Intercontemporain* brought an early version of the score to the Proms in 1982; a further extension was given its first performance in Paris last year and the finished product is promised for 1986. In London, though, relatively little has been heard of the achievements of other, younger figures closely associated with IRCAM, save for Jonathan Harvey's accomplished tape piece *Mortuos plango, vivos voco* realised using the IRCAM facilities and included in this year's Proms. So the recent *IRCAM in London* at St John's, Smith Square, was designed to inform on the state of the art: three concerts of works written at IRCAM with the London Sinfonietta conducted by Peter Eötvös, presented by Radio 3 and recorded for future transmission.

The musical mix obviously aimed at being thoroughly representative: one French composer of the generation immediately after Boulez's (Gilbert Amy), three of the French new wave (Jean-Baptiste Barrière, Philippe Manoury and Tristan Murail), a couple of Americans (John Chowning and Tod Machover), two English (Harvey and Nigel Osborne) and the German York Höller. But the works chosen tended to emphasise only one side of IRCAM's research -- the use of computer-generated tapes in live performance — while to my mind potentially far more interesting is the use of computers and electronics in the real time of a performance, as in *Répons*, where the relationship between the performers and the hardware is a dynamic, mutable one. Only Manoury's long-winded *Zeitlauf* used such an arrangement; presumably the problems of setting up the machines prevented any more.

In another way, however, the music was, I suspect, all too representative. For it is quite obvious that a definable IRCAM style has emerged, owing a good deal to Boulez's recent music, but at the same time suffocating the individuality of the composers. To hear as unquestionably talented a musician as Murail producing a piece like *Désintegrations*, for tape and chamber orchestra, and imposing little of his own personality and aural imagination upon it, makes one wonder about the relevance of IRCAM to composers whose music is already sufficiently imaginative and full of resource. Murail seemed intent only on exploiting the range of the computer techniques made available to him, without concerning himself with overall shape and coherence. It was interesting to compare *Désintegrations* with Höller's *Arcus* in the same concert: written in 1978, five years earlier, it has bolder, less fussy taped sounds, the gestures cleaner cut and easier to perceive. It also, significantly I think, pre-dates *Répons* and the tintinnabula which that score has inspired among younger composers; the early days of IRCAM, before the machines became so sophisticated and their power so seductive, may turn out to have been the most fertile.

Of the English contributions Harvey's *Mortuos vivo* (1982), treatments of the sounds of the great bell of Winchester Cathedral, is well worth hearing; quite the best thing this sometimes infuriating composer has done, while Osborne's *Alba*, 1984 settings of poems by Beckett for mezzo-soprano, chamber group and tape, produced some attractive textures and memorable gestures, but never quite belied the impression of being a straightforward song cycle with exotic accompaniments, or proved that its taped effects *could* only have been produced with the resources of IRCAM.

Not the least of the paradoxes of the work emanating from Paris at the moment is that achieving electronic counterfeits of instrumental sounds through complex means seems to be a high priority, as if the ambiguity that creates in the listener is a desirable expressive quantity. The problem is that composers seem interested in doing little else; maybe another 'IRCAM in London' in five years time will present a different and more inspiriting picture. □

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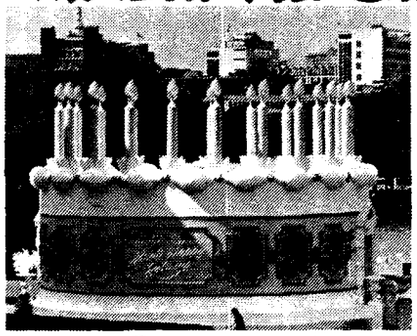

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THEATRE

Angel of death

Benedict Nightingale

Up Against It
JOE ORTON *Old Red Lion*
The Deliberate Death of a Polish Priest
RONALD HARWOOD *Almeida*

WHY HAS THE FILMSCRIPT Joe Orton wrote for the Beatles had to wait nearly 20 years for a professional group enterprising enough to transpose it to the stage? Admittedly, it bounces thither and yond, from bedroom to forest to political meeting hall to prison to high seas to a battlefield that would tax the combined resources of National and RSC (what with hundreds of stretcher-bearers being slaughtered as they rescue other dying stretcher bearers and scores of ambulances 'full of suffering humanity' disappearing into the gory quagmire) but it's been a long time since directors felt obliged literally to represent either places or incidents, and Richard Hansom makes no attempt to do so in Islington. The mass destruction of the Red Cross is described by a spectator peering into the middle distance. The odd line, plus a little stage furniture, is sufficient to signal what else is happening where else.

Actually, I'd have liked a still starker, less cluttered stage. But never mind. **Up Against It** is a fascinating look into Orton's conscious mind, that instrument of scurrilous subversion, and perhaps also into the even wilder, more anarchic places just below. Richard Lester never asked the Beatles to join a band of urban guerrillas ('we're planning a series of outrages against society'), disguise themselves in drag, shoot dead a woman PM then disrupt her memorial service. Gleefully conspiring to transform those harmless mopheads into delinquents and desperados, Orton demanded all that and more.

In the play's world, women hold all the major offices, from Archbishop of Canterbury to commander-in-chief of the army. This gives rise to jokes both silly (the PM insisting that drawing-room curtains be on the international agenda) and rather more pointed (the military supremo suggesting that men shouldn't concern themselves with political matters, but 'with being masculine and charming'). But it's also and more importantly part of Orton's continuing attack on rigid notions of sexual identity and appropriate sexual behaviour. A rampaging police chief, resplendent in her black uniform, hurls an astonished Beatle onto a bed with a yell of 'quite a little sweetie, aren't you, you need someone to look after you'. The evening ends with him and two others cavorting beneath the sheets with the eager sexpot whose husbands they've ceremoniously and simultaneously become.

That image of sexual exultation and excess is characteristic of Orton, who always saw drama in terms of goosing the audience. So are the cynical digs at romance ('I thought you loved me, you brought me flowers and boxes of inexpensive chocolates') and moral pretension and each and every variety of authority. And so is the violent nightmare that suddenly, shockingly intrudes into the fun, as it did in *What the Butler Saw*, which Orton was to write immediately after this. In that, some start shooting, others 'scream with terror', wounds 'stream with blood'. Here, all is havoc and carnage as 'victims and helpers struggle together in the mud of the battlefield' and nuns and choirboys sing to the glory of God. For a moment one sees what Orton knew and did not know; the skull beneath the celebratory surface of the 1960s; Vietnam, the explosion of the American cities, and his own death, not 300 yards from the Red Lion, at the hands of his distraught lover. No wonder the Beatles, arch-totems of the decade, turned down *Up Against It*.

IT'S BEEN A WEEK in which all theatrical roads led to the Angel or thereabouts. **Deliberate Death of a Polish Priest** is Ronald Harwood's unpretentiously eloquent account of the trial of the secret-servicemen imprisoned earlier this year for having abducted, beaten and killed the thitherto unstoppable and still unquenchable Father Jerzy Popieluszko. It's interesting as a picture of a tyrant state trying simultaneously to establish an international reputation for justice, belittle the moral standing of an embarrassing murder victim and cover up the identities of those ultimately responsible for the crime. But it's more interesting still for the insight that it offers us into the minds and motives of the lackeys in the dock.

Here's Derek Newark's Colonel Pietruszka, blustering and raging and self-righteously denouncing the atrocity he himself encouraged as 'undesirable from a methodological point of view — it does not fit into the cardinal methods of organisation'. Here's Jim Broadbent's Lieutenant Pekala, gormlessly admitting that he hoped the operation 'would advance my career', and here's Roger Lloyd Pack's Lieutenant Chmielewski, twitching and stammering out his evidence and blubbing at the ugliest of it. Above all, here's Stuart Wilson's Captain Piotrowski, a strange, frightening mix of candour, self-justification, apology and resentment. His overall position, so far as it can be deduced, is that he's sorry for having upset the friends and relations of the vicious enemy of the state he accidentally beat to death, and sorry for the subordinates he led to ruin, especially since they believed they'd be protected by their superiors.

I caught Kevin Billington's production at a preview, since when its minor fluffs and uncertainties will have been cured. The slight awkwardness injected by Brian Cox, lumbering from the wings as Popieluszko's chauffeur to link and narrate and comment, seems less easily changed. But then there's something equally and more positively permanent about Wilson's performance, a marvel of steady-eyed contempt and cool truculence and inscrutable emotion beyond. He's the cruellest, the most obviously evil of the villains, but also the one whose disappearance into the Polish gulag one most regrets: a formidable young man, gone horribly wrong. □

Naseem Khan

Showroom

IT WAS A NICE coincidence that had morrismen prancing round one of Nottingham's shopping malls when, just up the road, artist Stuart Brisley was propounding a link between folk ritual and Performance Art. Common roots, suggested Brisley's short film *Being and Doing*: symbolism, ceremony, a sense of mutually understood notions or long-buried folk memories distilled — like the weird ceremony of the Hacksea Hood — into an abstract, short-hand form.

Tenable or not (or to whatever degree), it provided a useful lifeline of theory in a four days' Showcase of the new and well-regarded in Performance Art. The event is an annual one, now in its sixth year and — surprisingly at a time of artistic gloom — showing increasing signs of development. The host since the Showcase's inception has been the deceptively named Midland Group (not a group, but a building). This year, however, the Midland Group made an alliance with another arts centre — Brighton's innovative Zap Club — and produced a double issue eight-day Showcase in Nottingham then Brighton. Another change — this year the Midland Group's Nikki Milican and Zap's Neil Butler ran pre-Showcase regional heats to select work.

The immediate result has been a far more consistent standard. Last year, for instance, when performers were selected chiefly from written submissions, there was a great gulf between the exciting and the awful. This, in its way, added an edge to the proceedings. Would it be someone with the bite and wit of Sylvia Ziranek or the fine tuning of Anne Seagrave? Or would it be a persistently obscure work involving loads of TV monitors, slides, costume changes and chanting? In the 17 events — including videos — that I encountered in 42 hours of this Showcase none dived into depths.

In a sense, that was a loss. In a crowded programme, bad work acts as a useful breathing space and underlines a problem inherent in the showcase format as a whole: an invitation to OD on culture. The third day, for instance, started with Michael Milward at midday, followed by Dogs in Honey at 12.45 and a lunch break in which Hidden Grin performed; then came Dave Mitchison (2.30), Marie Michael (3pm), Sarah-Jane Edge (3.45), Zoe Redman (4pm) and so on, stretching on, till nearing midnight, stimulating and debilitating.

Is there any way out of the dilemma? The nearest thing to a solution was offered by the group Hidden Grin, whose *Overseen, Overheard, Overlooked* took place over all four days: not continuously, but at certain unadvertised times, and not in one of the regular performance spaces but in the ground floor foyer of the centre. Because the area was also a thoroughfare, people came across the

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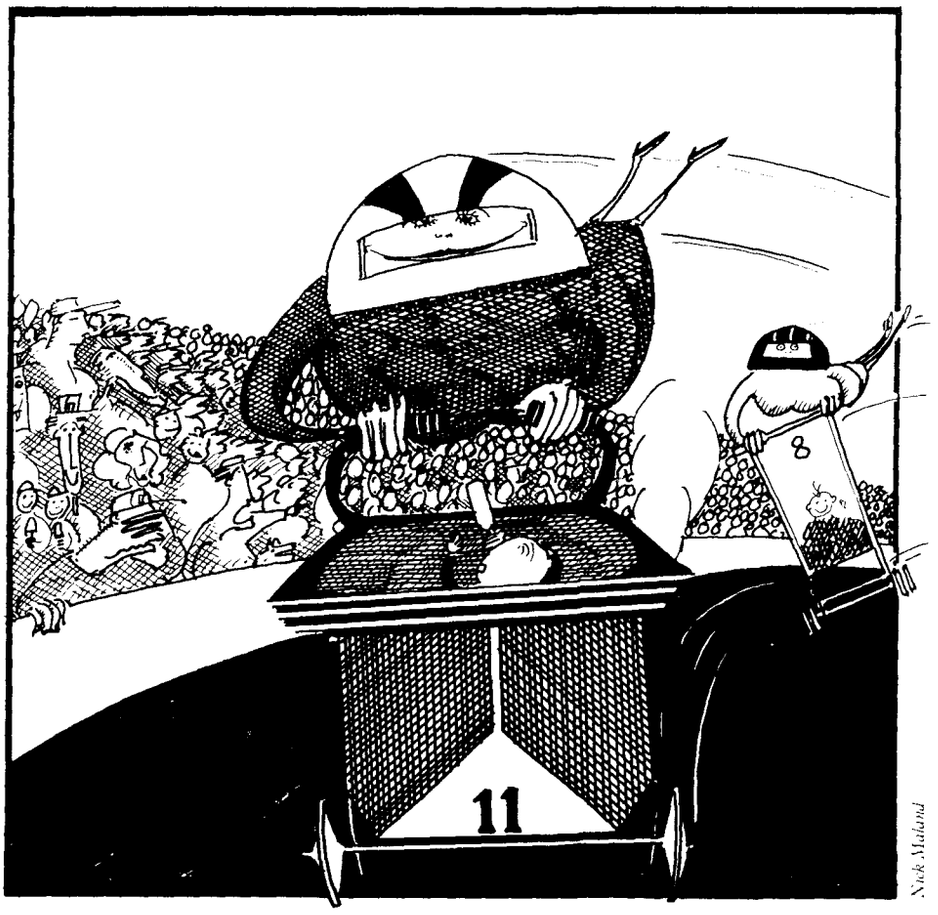
work almost by chance, could stop and watch or pass by, as they chose. Arranged in changing blocks of performance, each section reinforced the others, building up an event over a time-scale that contrasted with the tightness and slight anxiety of the other more formal programming upstairs.

Ironically, though Hidden Grin's format offered greater freedom to the individual, their content dealt with oppression. On two opposite sides of the large square space banks of monitors showed a series of tapes — street shots with that distinctively sneaky quality of private eye observation, vox pop snatches on the theme of curiosity, a sequence related to the build-up of learning. In the contained white space in between, members of the group (white shirted, black trousered) developed in a choreographic way the obsessive themes of intrusion. A blindfold man on a chair, hands cased in black mitts, tries incessantly to do a Rubik cube. A prying video camera, operated by each one in turn, offensively records minutiae of the others' bodies. Troubling, well-defined and pertinent, Hidden Grin's work also achieved a marriage between the human and technical that not all other Showcase work achieved.

Sarah-Jane Edge for instance (an award winner last year for her piece about women miners of Victorian times and wives' involvement in the then strike) relied heavily on slides and tape for her *Essential Woman*. Images flashed on to two sections of wall related suffragettes to male aggression in Northern Ireland to the shattered Grand Hotel, Bobby Sands, Greenham, Janet and John stereotypes. Between the sections Edge carefully pinned up signs she'd painted in red paint ('Forced Feeding' etc) and, later, adjectives ('sensitive' etc), traditionally taken to typify women. She ended by dipping bare feet in red paint and outlining the female symbol on the floor. The broad sweep that she chose, however much of an emotional wallop the familiar images have, eventually became self-defeating — too broad to be meaningful — and her own actions did not give it sufficient extra edge.

Peter McCrae, with a less ambitious aim, fared better. He performed his piece in the butter-yellow gear of an Australian life-saver, against films of the massed bronzed ranks of his Bondi Beach peers: a piece that grew progressively wilder and more absurd — and with much important flapping of flags. The drily satirical tone was echoed in Forced Entertainment's *Set Up*, though balanced, in this case, by an air of menace and alarm. A man imprisoned in a nameless venue is threatened by a sinister male and female (shades of Pinter-land): it was clipped and clever, mocking its own mores.

There is no space to do more than mention other pieces: Holly Warburton's tapeslide sequence — 'Roses of Dead Essence' — that merged images of roses meltingly with bone-white classical statuary and the skull beneath the skin; AD/BC's rich piece that drew its audience after it round the building and outside; the spareness of Marie Michael's short piece, the silliness of the Mexican banquet, the incomprehensibility of the piece by Anne Bean (of the excellent Bow Gamelan Orchestra). A Showcase, in other words, that was more than a sum of its parts. □



Nick Midland

A day at the races

Stan Accrington

A BRIGHT, breezy, October Sunday and Brands Hatch motor-racing circuit is a blaze of colour. A capacity crowd, resplendent in Marlboro and John Player Special rally jackets, watches Alain Prost clinch the world Grand Prix championship while the actual race is won by Britain's Nigel Mansell, much to everyone's delight.

Champagne gushes from the winners' podium (and in the hospitality tents); the smell of burning rubber, exhaust fumes and frying hamburgers drifts into the night; Murray Walker of the BBC is hoarse (and, for most of his TV commentary, confused); the press tent is packed with journalists from all over the world smashing away at typewriters and shouting down 'phones and the traffic jams are already two miles long into London.

A bright, breezy, August Sunday and around 5,000 watch Colin Stancombe win the Radio Kent Trophy for Formula Ford 1600. The press box contains myself and an agency reporter. No tents, queues, freebies, hordes.

For most people, motor racing (both car and bike) is seen through TV cameras and the image is of vast crowds, week in, week out. Not so. Week in, week out, there's racing at Britain's main circuits (Snetterton, Donnington, Oulton Park, Silverstone and Brands Hatch) but you're more likely to see an enthusiastic amateur or poorly paid pro zip round at flashing-blue-light speeds than you are to see the likes of Lauda, Prost or Senna.

The races are watched by friends, families and fanatics (at the Radio Kent Raceday, a woman sitting near me in the stands saw a car spin off, albeit safely, and beat her hands on her thighs in frustration, then dropped her head in despair — her husband had just blown second place and some prize money).

That's one of the delights of non-'glamour' race days. The whole family is involved either in getting the cars out or in watching — as someone surlily observed, 'There are more baby buggies than cars here.' At Brands, the best appointed circuit in the country, there's a restaurant, bar facilities all day (no, no drunkenness or violence), cars on display to clamber over, shops selling T-shirts, silly hats and the name tags of your hero for the rally jacket. There's go-kart racing for budding Mansells, a chance to lay out your picnic, a wander around the paddock (where the cars are prepared and tuned) and, at lunchtime, a pits walkabout.

But it's the racing that thrills. The length of the races varies, but only around 20 minutes elapse between each. An 'average' race day will see anything from converted saloons to F2 cars, looking just like their big brothers and sisters, hammering round in an eight- or nine-race programme.

I'm a noise freak, so I try to get a good spot level with the start line, but favoured positions

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for thrills and spills are the bends. Which brings us to the crashes. Yes, they do happen; but, thankfully, serious injury and death are rare thanks to good marshalling and safer fences and cars. Even the most spectacular somersault into the barrier of tyres should see the driver walking away (an aside: experienced drivers know if there's a crash around the bend — the crowd is looking at that and not them).

The real thrill is the skill and the speed, as cars roar past inches from each other, overtake on bends and scream into the pits for a ten-second wheel change.

'Hang on,' you say. 'This must all cost an arm and a leg.' For the Grand Prix, yes; but taking an average nuclear family (two adults, two kids) a rough guide to Brands would be £8-£10 admission for the lot of you for most race days. (A certain Murdoch rag even runs free race days.) You occasionally have to pay a small extra for parking and paddock transfer, but, if the stands cost extra, just find some grass.

Those bitten by the bug (or who want to claim the insurance on a loved one) should note that, provided strict regulations on the machine are passed, anyone can enter motor racing. All circuits offer training and days out (costing from £50 to have a bash in a sports car to £400 to enter the Champions of Brands motorbike series). Contact your local circuit direct, or the British Racing and Sports Car Club, Brands Hatch, Fawkham, Dartford, Kent (0474 874445) for details.

Meanwhile, at the Radio Kent Raceday, some starlings who must be deaf hop on the grass feet away from passing cars, bees hum past and a butterfly just misses getting squashed. And, in the stands, a small boy turns to his dad and says 'It's just like a big Scalectrix, isn't it?' It is and it's as much fun. □

Stephen Knight

Little horrors

When power lines were built
On a farm in New York State
The owner complained that his
Cattle were producing
Malformed or still-born calves and
His chickens laid clutches
Of deformed eggs — I eat my
Breakfasts morosely for
Weeks after reading this
Hunched on the floor. The newsprint
Blackens my hands and knees
And lands me in hot water.

Throughout the summer months
My mother washes our clothes
With nothing on: a flicker
Of umber skin, a puff
Of wiry pubic hair glimpsed
Through a crack in the door.
My things, warm from the tumble
Dryer, cling together
And winnowing socks from
Shirts is to tempt that sudden,
That intimate shock of
Static electricity.

TELEVISION

Hugo Williams

Journey's end

ULSTERMAN John Davis could hardly have found a more perfect metaphor from which to construct his marvellous, sad elegy to America. **Route 66** (Central) was the concrete ribbon wrapped around America from Chicago to LA in the great days of American growth and optimism. It still exists, but the last section of it to be used as a major highway was closed last year. The miracle is that no one got there before Davis, though perhaps it takes a foreigner to see the signposts in a country.

The road even comes equipped with one of the all-time great r'n'b tunes to mourn its own passing with latterday irony, *Get your kicks on Route 66*, a phrase which Cynthia (not Bobby) Troup came up with as the pair were driving between gigs sometime in 1946. The song was recorded by Bing Crosby, Nat King Cole, Van Morrison and, of course, Chuck Berry. It was also the first song on the first Stones LP back in 1964, but Davis seems to have gone for some later, flabbier, drummier Stones version of it to kick off his odyssey. He should have tried Dr Feelgood's definitive 1974 outing.

Feelgood guitarist Wilko Johnson once wrote an ironical poem to the great song called *Get your kicks on the B1014* — 'Our journey's end/The all-night filling station's ROBO-SERVE/coffee machine . . .' — neatly exemplifying the impossibility of mythologising our dear old live-in shoe of a country. Haywards Heath, one feels, will never inspire great songwriting, whereas the list of towns in *Route 66* already seems touched with immortality — 'Flagstaff, Arizona, Don't forget Winnona . . . Kingman, Barstow, San Bernardino . . .' — probably because some of them have come and gone in a single lifetime. 'I've been here on 66 since 1928,' said shopkeeper Sadie Thompson. 'Time was you couldn't cross the highway for traffic. We'd sell watermelons beside the road. The traffic changed over to the Interstate in '54 and you can't stop on that, you have to keep going. They call it a freeway, but it ain't so free really.' 'This used to be Main Street, America,' remembered a barman. 'You could get on or off wherever you wanted, or you could just keep going.'

The remorseless change-over from local road to conveyor-belt freeway is the useful connecting metaphor in Davis's lucky film. Money, being the shortest distance between two cities, two coasts, two points in time, tends to forget about little people and little places if they hold up a transaction. 'The same people who made Greyhound,' said a black driver, 'are the people we're by-passing today.' And so it is with the Interstate.

The traffic in Carson City stopped cold on 15 June 1981. 'It went from 200 cars an hour to none. I don't think there's any way these little towns can survive.' A route-side barber thought the times were equal to the Thirties when he'd started in the trade: a trail of bankruptcies and unemployed veterans on the run, much like the dust-bowl refugees of the Depression. 'I'm 53,' said an old man with a long, white beard, 'and we haven't been able to find a doggone thing to do. Just seems I'm in the wrong place at the wrong time.' A drunken, pathetic, Navajo welder blamed his bottle on unemployment: 'They say fight for your country. That's not our country. Our country's a little reservation.'

But *Route 66* is more than just a chronicle of misfortune and change. The cherry-red '68 Chevvy (a relative of both Chuck's '53 chidney in *You Never Can Tell* and the great red shark in *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas*) linking the incidents like a moving red arrow, is a 20th-century time-machine whose driver nervously twiddles the knobs of his radio: 'Do you believe the West could survive a nuclear exchange?' he asks the reporter as we watch blood-smeared orientals at work in some awful burger plant. 'I do!' says the politician. A trial nuclear warning wails as a skinned cow-head dangles before our eyes. 'Women have invaded another field . . . Today 200 butcherettes . . .' A honky-tonk MC thanks goodness there's still a difference between cowboys and cowgirls in Amarillo, Texas . . .

If the piling on sometimes becomes portentous, it is the local music that ensures the film's claim to 'entertainment': Chicago blues, mountain music, Tex Mex, Red Indian, even the group Lone Justice, a romantic reincarnation of the Byrds, symbolising 'journey's end'. Any live local music in the States is preferable to the wretched wacka-wacka-hiss of international 'soul' and much of it was superb. I remember the camera moving along behind a lit-up bar, gradually revealing the old country singer at the end to have only two listeners, before closing on some labels for *Only a Teardrop Away*.

A nastier, nationwide outcrop was the new evangelism. Again, sound and vision were happily synched as windscreen wipers provided momentary glimpses of reality through the ranting rain of some old con-man's idea that 'What this world needs is an old fashioned dose of the Holy Ghost' — although I approved of his choice of metaphor. A revivalist missionary to New Mexico brought the word to the Hispanic natives with the aid of a translator: 'Bringing the light of the Gospel to a dark area. Be generous, please . . .' Another translated for himself: 'Rabalaba-la-la-la . . . that's the Holy Ghost speaking, not a word of English. A hundred dollar smile now!' Great stuff.

But then, point a camera almost anywhere in America and the awful scribbled-on palimpsest will offer up its own undeniable self-commentary. Almost anywhere is of interest, except possibly Disneyland and Las Vegas, but Route 66 would seem to offer the most perfect example of America-as-Entertainment; the real-life road movie that'll take you back through time and space in the comfort of your own nodule: The Great American Ghost Train with conducted tours and cut-rates for parties, unless the Interstate makes it first of course and everyone moves back again. I see they're about to revive the old Sixties TV series, but it'll never catch up with the real thing now that John Davis has packaged the pilot so poetically and posted it back to America with so much love and sellotape. □

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Weekend competition

No 2896 **Set by E.O. Parrott**

Many a famous literary success was rejected (often on more than one occasion) prior to eventual publication. Could we have letters of rejection, please, for *Robinson Crusoe, Wuthering Heights, War and Peace, Emma* or some other classic. Max. 120 words by 7 November.

No 2893 **Set by E.O. Parrott**

Histories of other countries than Britain as W.C. Sellar and R.J. Yeatman might have written them.

Report **By Bunny White**

'The chief cause of the celebrated French Revolution (La Ronde, or La Peripherique) was King Lewis VIX, whose father was confusingly called the Son King...' Perhaps I'm wrong, but I have to confess that I find that terribly funny. It's the opening sentence of Mr Sweetman's Sellar-Yeatman pastiche — one which, I'm awfully afraid to say, gets less and less inventive as it goes. Most of you seem to have had the same problem: flashes of dazzling ingenuity; long, laboured wastelands of dreariness. Now what do you suppose that the problem could be? I'd've thought this competition was a cinch. Oh dear, life's so fearfully *complicated* — don't you think? A fiver for Mr Sweetman and a tenner per author for the *slightly* more consistent entries published below.

1812, And All That

Russia started with Ivan, who wasn't very good at anything. In fact, he was so bad they called him Ivan the Terrible. After he went, it wasn't until Boris that they found anybody Goodenuff.

Ages later, the French came to hear the 1812 Overture. But the Russians were always behind in everything so it hadn't been written yet. The French, in their disappointment, set fire to Moscow and went home.

Nothing much else happened until 1917. The Russians, fed up with going abroad to fight, stayed at home and fought each other. First Kerensky got rid of Nicholas, then Lenin got rid of Kerensky and then Stalin started getting rid of everybody. In fact, Stalin was getting rid of so many that they thought they might run out of people so they stopped anybody leaving the country and that's how it is to this day.

GEOFF HORTON

The Third Israelite was Abraham, who was called Pater Ark after his father Noah Mad, and who settled down to multiply in one place. He did this twelve times (hence the Twelve Times Table) and fathered Twelve Tribunes. However, the Tribunes divided and one was known as the Lost Tribune, because Abraham forgot to carry one. He also forgot his wife's name, and called her 'Er of the Chaldees. Although a Good Thing, he was not very memorable and once nearly cooked his son Sir Isaac, mistaking him for Rameses the Thicket, the Egyptian Pharaomid (a Very Bad Thing).

Abraham's cousin was the first auctioneer (Lot No. 1), whose wife became first Psalter of the Earth after investigating the affairs of Sodom, Gomorrah & Gomorrah & Gomorrah (Lot No.2 and Very Shady). His grandson invented Clay Making, after stealing some crockery known as The Mess of Pottery, and firing it twice (a process called Jacob's Biscuit).

WILL BELLENGER

The utterly memorable French Revolution began when Rousseau, a customs official and Sunday philosopher, declared that all men were entitled to liberality, quality and fertility. The Common People, who were called Jacques, agreed and demanded bread (*pain*). The King's milkperson, Mistinguette, interpreted this as a call for financial stringency and offered to let them eat the cattlecake.

A committee of public safety was formed, but was disqualified for swearing on the tennis court. One of the leaders, Manet, a painter and Sunday revolutionary, was stabbed in the bath by Charlotte Corduroy to provide a striking pose for her friend David. Dante, a poet and Sunday demagogue, was tried by Madame Guillotine, the famed knitwear-person (*tricotreateuse*) and sentenced to be tumbrilled. This was thought to be a Good Thing, but at the last minute he substituted a double, Sidney Cartoon, which was a Far Far Better Thing.

NOEL PETTY

Test Paper: General American History

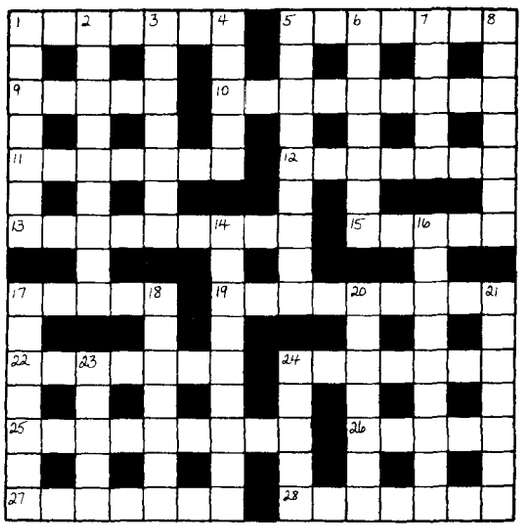
1) Castigate venomously:
   a) Alf Capon
   b) Senile Joe McCartney*
2) Did anybody say 'The Buick stops here'? Was it worth it?
3) Give a painful account of:
   a) A Bible belting
   b) The Battle of the A la Mode
   c) The Lust of the Mohicans
4) Brother, can you spare a dime? (Be generous)
5) Using a Mason Dixon line, what bait is required to catch:
   a) A nude eel?
   b) Wild Bill Hickstead?
   c) Richard Alehouse Nixon?

**Candidates pleading the 5th amendment need not answer*

DAVID TOLLY

Weekend Crossword 1497

PRIZES: £5 Book Tokens for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1497, New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU, by first post 12 November.



Name_____

Address_____

ACROSS

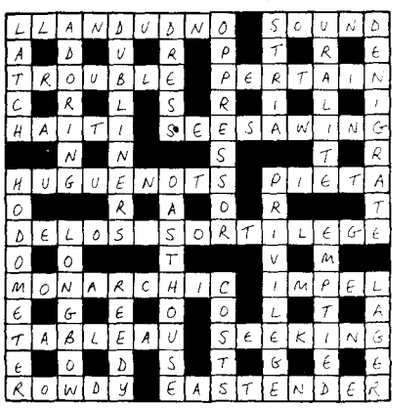
1. Hand back suffering from insults (7)
5. People who lack courage and are jointly under protection (7)
9. Order of religion I can belong to (5)
10. Thomas's place gives nothing back (9)
11. We come among brothers and they provide the drink (7)
12. Start telling a riddle about a tiny creature (7)
13. Wipe hands freely where there are animals about (9)
15. Right times for outings (5)
17. Stories which may be told backwards (5)
19. Heroine who makes me tell a story about a novelist (9)
22. Dye fast although it may be raining (7)
24. Put a single container in the carrier as preparation for fishing (7)
25. Bill carries a letter for a scribbler (9)
26. Draw as an artist in sound (5)
27. Concerned with a book right back in the more distant past (7)
28. Mistakes made by a wise one among females (7)

DOWN

1. Iris provides an underwater weapon (7)
2. Giving superficial refinement to a Dickens character (9)
3. Servants have wants without you turning up (7)
4. Northern area suitable for old radio family (5)
5. House one would find easily if map were missing (9)
6. The controller is a senior member of a female organisation (7)
7. Make up a drink fit for a king (5)
8. Thus returns without sailors to the ship for bribes (7)
14. Where there is a church with a cross in it (9)
16. One place in Scotland makes another empty (9)
17. One who leaves out the most important person (7)
18. It stops a leak if there is a boy in the class (7)
20. Mountain goat after a second followed by a bird (7)
21. They should stay on the rails although possibly seen holding a drink (7)
23. Faint illumination shown by a single amber light (5)
24. Girl without a place to sleep (5)

SETSQUARE

Solution to 1495



Prizewinners to 1495

Ted Stevens (Bournemouth)
Victoria Tongue (Bexhill-on-Sea)
Mrs J. C. Wilson (Paisley)

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To help run this new and worthwhile project in Hackney. The workers will be based at the Group's Information Centre, 110 Clarence Rd, E5 and will be responsible for carrying out outreach work to encourage Turkish women to use the facilities and development work based around research to expand the services offered by the centre. All posts excluding the cleaner are full-time. *Applicants for Job-share are welcome.* The UTWB is an equal opportunities employer and is currently funded by the GLC.
For application forms and further information please contact:
129 Newington Green Rd, London N1.
Tel: 01-226 7544
Closing date for applications to be returned: **30.10.1985.**
Interviews will be held on: **31.10.1985** and **1.11.1985** at **UTWB.**

OV SELECTION have a number of vacancies for temporary & permanent office staff with typing skills. We welcome enquiries from mature people as well as College leavers. Phone Odette Veazey, OV Selection (Emp. Agy), Abford House, 15 Wilton Road, London SW1V 1LT. 01-828 8345.

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Please mention NEW STATESMAN when replying to advertisements

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has a vacancy for a

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from early November to initially March 1986.
The postholder should have experience in Welfare rights work & advice, plus a proven commitment to the Trade Union Movement.

Please phone **01-686 0219** or write to **Peter Spalding, CUWC, 49c South End, Croydon, Surrey CR0 1BF** for full job description & application form. Closes Wed 6 November.

CUWC is an equal opportunities employer & funded by the GLC.

WE ARE WORKING WITH THE UNEMPLOYED through TUC CENTRES FOR THE UNEMPLOYED

County Planning

Assistant Public Transport Officer (Countywide)

POG (£14,025-£15,111 per annum)
Arising from the enactment of the 1985 Transport Bill the County Council has decided to create this new post in the Public Transport Unit to head the Countywide team and to act as second in command to the Public Transport Co-ordination Officer.
Derbyshire County Council is a progressive authority which places particular importance on the availablity of good public passenger transport in the County. We are therefore seeking a person well experienced in the planning and operation of passenger transport who is skilled and well motivated.
The successful applicant will have a particular responsibility for policy development and advice and for heading a team with a wide range of responsibilities including concessionary fares, marketing, capital projects and new initiatives.
Applicants should be professionally qualified and be a member of the Chartered Institute of Transport. Established experience in the field of public passenger transport either in the local authority sector or in an operational undertaking is essential.
The post carries a casual user car allowance and in appropriate cases the County Council will assist with any removal expenses and lodging or travelling allowances.
Application forms and further details are available from the County Planning Officer, County Offices, Matlock, Derbyshire, DE4 3AG, telephone Matlock 3411 ext 7122. Completed forms should be returned by 11 November 1985.

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DERBYSHIRE
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NUCLEAR FREE ZONE DEVELOPMENT WORKERS

The City Council has established a NFZ Unit in the Town Clerk's Department to develop peace initiatives, analyse and report on relevant legislation, develop links with trade unions and community groups on nuclear free issues, carry out research projects including work on arms conversion and the transportation of nuclear waste and weapons, organise local campaigns and conferences and generally advise local peace groups.

In addition, the Unit is responsible for co-ordinating and developing the Nuclear Free Zone activities of the National Steering Committee acting on behalf of NFZ Authorities.

Applications are now invited for the following posts in the Unit:

DEVELOPMENT WORKERS (2) SO1/2 £9,975-£11,604

We are looking for people who are committed to the Nuclear Free Zone Movement, are aware of our obligations in respect of civil defence and emergency planning and have an appreciation of government strategies and policies and one of the posts will have a specific responsibility for developing national initiatives.

Application forms and job descriptions may be obtained from the Staff Office, Town Clerk's Department, PO Box 532, Town Hall, MANCHESTER M60 2LA (telephone 061-234 3078)

Closing date for the receipt of applications is Monday, 18 November 1985.

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AFRICA-BASED ACADEMIC, 33, often in UK, seeks affectionate and attractive woman stimulated by travel, solitude, literature, music and politics. Reciprocal visit and possible book agent? Box (42)1706.

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DATELINE'S PSYCHOLOGICALLY accurate introductions lead to pleasant friendships, spontaneous affairs and firm, lasting relationships including marriage. All ages, all areas. Free details: Dateline Computer Dating, Dept. (7NS), 23 Abingdon Rd, London W8. Tel 01-938 1011.

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INTELLIGENT WOMAN, attractive, age 38, graduate, likes music, arts, countryside, writing, seeks sincere, mature, similar man, age 35-50, for marriage. Herts, Beds. Northants area. Box (43)1736.

JOHN, 42, affable, attractive and unattached, professional, about to settle in Devon, seeks friendship with lovely woman. Much-travelled with an empathy for feminist ideas and children. Will send photos and informative letter. Box (41)1664.

LEFT-WING MAN, 53, pleasant appearance, author/lecturer, non-smoker, seeks woman for caring relationship, perhaps children. Interests include literature, music (folk/classical), arts in general, countryside. Photo appreciated. London area. Box (43)1735.

LONDON MALE, graduate, 40s, reasonable appearance and temperament, passionate and broadminded, seeks sincere, serious-minded and large-busted lady, probably wealthy, for lasting relationship. ALA. Box (42)1703.

MALE SEEKS resoundingly intelligent female, 18-25, for companionship, music, challenging dialogue, inspiration, camping and the like. Midlands. Box (43)1720.

PASSIONATE CATHOLIC bachelor, graduate, intelligent, normal, 51, 5' 7", civilised, healthy, unique, neither wealthy or poor but has enough, seeks lovely woman (perhaps an air hostess) for love marriage to heal (each other), grow and multiply. Box (43)1719.

PLATONIC MARRIAGE/Partnership, but cuddles, laughter, loyalty, elegant home life. Sensitive, blonde, long-haired widow, graduate, ex-air hostess, BBC, seeks lawyer/diplomat type, sincere, 60ish, home-lover. Box (43)1718.

POVERTY HURTS less when laughing. Magical action-man will beam-up menopausal, city-sick female to place of stillness and prove it. Amazing what can be done with feather! Box (43)1748.

RETIRED SOMERSET lady, blue-eyed, busy, bereaved, seeks buoyant friendship with decisive gentleman, having sound judgment, quiet tastes and some red roses. Box (43)1723.

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WARM, LOVING, caring, well established, dark haired, graduate woman, early 40s, into socialism etc., seeks a man for lasting relationship. Manchester area. Box (43)1747.

WARM, SENSITIVE, mature prof. m., 52, likes literature, music, animals; needs woman to help fend off time's winged chariot. I'm in Leeds; where are you? Box (43)1725.

WIDOWER, 64, Yorkshire Dales, fed up talking to dog, seeks female companion, 40 onwards, race immaterial. Painting, music, gardening, books. Quiet situation, ideal for writer. Box (43)1732.

YOUTHFULLY MATURE widow, homemaker – varied interests in literature, music, walking and swimming etc., with many friends, but seeking someone special, would like to meet man, 55-65, for friendship and possible marriage. Box (42)1700.

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OLD FRIENDS: an introduction agency for the over forties. Loneliness is not inevitable. Details from: Anne Brent, 18a Highbury New Park, London N5 2DB.

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INFORMATION WANTED

THE WORKPLACE NURSERIES Campaign is gathering material for a video and would like to hear from anyone who is involved in Workplace nurseries now or who has been in the past, and especially anyone who used such a nursery during the second World War. Contact the Campaign; Room 205, Southbank House, Black Prince Road, London SE1 7SJ. Tel: 01-582 7199.

THERAPY

FINDING LIFE HARD! *Having a crisis? Person to person counselling with Keith.* 01-809 0303.

JUNGIAN ANALYSIS and therapy. NW London. 01-452 4722.

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MEETINGS

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON. The 1985 Creighton Lecture entitled: 'SOME LATE MEDIEVAL VIEWS ON NOBILITY' will be given by Mr M.H. Keen (Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford) at 5.30 p.m. on Monday 4 November 1985 at the University of London, Senate House, Malet Street, London WC1E 7HU. Admission free, without ticket.

SEMINAR

German Historical Institute, London

Tuesday 29 October 5 p.m.

Dr Bernd Wegner (Freiburg)
The Staggering Giant. German Perceptions of Soviet Military and Economic Strength 1941/2

17 Bloomsbury Square
London WC1A 2LP
01-404 5486
Tea from 4.30 p.m.
Seminar starts 5 p.m.

BOOKS

ALTERNATIVE MEDICINE to Zen. Send stamp for free Book Guide. Secrets of Life Books (NS14), 6 Bedale Close, Crawley, RH11 8SJ.

REVIEW COPIES and other books in fine condition bought and sold by Vermilion Books, 57 Red Lion St, London WC1. Tel: 01-242 5822.

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Out Now

Riot Acts: The Politics of Despair – **Dave Cook** takes a closer look at the issues behind the riots.

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Also: **Anna Coote** on Labour & Feminism; **Fred Steward** on the Greens; **Robin Murray** on The New Economic Order; Interview with **Neville Brody**, designer of *The Face.*

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ARTS & GROWTH CENTRE, SPAIN. Dec.-Jan. complete 'live-in' programme for beginners & advanced. Drawing, painting, printmaking, Hatha Yoga. Includes Granada excursion. Also booking: special Brazil Course Sept. '86. Write: Rutherford, Canillas de Albaida, (Malaga), Spain.

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THE ELCHANAN ELKES Association for Inter-Community Understanding. Educational trip to Israel for people in the helping professions and education. Cost £385. (1) 13-27 April Joan Burn, 0533 591191 ext. 5068 or 0533 775369; (2) 18 May-8 June Norman Ball, 0203 74260.

PEKING (7 days) & via MOSCOW (3 days) £780. Out plane, back train. 2-21 Nov. Includes first class hotels & full programme.

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NAPLES, CAPRI & POMPEII £135. 21-29 Dec.

BAKU £220. 22 Dec.-5 Jan. Travelling by sleeper express. Sub-tropical climate on the Caspian Sea. Trips into the Caucases.

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AGENDA

FOR DETAILS CALL DAVID JONES 01-251 5487

FRI 25 OCT

ONE WORLD WEEK AT ST. JAMES'S CHURCH, PICCADILLY: Third World Question [illegible] former Minister [illegible] Development, Tony Lewis, [illegible] George Ashworth, [illegible] Bishop of Liverpool, Jean Bradbury of the [illegible] Paper. Details: 01-734 [illegible]

CND

RALLY FOR THE HUMAN RACE

OCT 26

London, Hyde Park

Assemble 11am for march, Serpentine Rd. Rally 3.30 Hyde Park. Speakers, entertainment, Children's area, sign language, interpreter, toilets with disabled access.

Details: **CND, 22-24 Underwood St., London N1 7JQ. Tel: 01-250 4010**

Hope Valley Conference 26-27 October

Organised by Red Rope, the Socialist rambling and climbing club.

This residential conference is a *major initiative* in countryside campaigning.

Speakers:
Peter Melchett
Chris Smith MP
David Rubinstein

Adults £26, unwaged £13, children £10. Day only rates available. Details & booking:

A. Mitchell, 203 Cemetery Rd, Sheffield S11 8FQ. (0742) 587678

SUN 27 OCT

COUNTERING RACISM & FASCISM CONFERENCE. 10am-6pm, County Hall, [illegible] Sessions on 'Rights for Fascists & Racists', 'Racism Awareness Training', 'Strategies for the Future'. Speakers from N.U.J., Rugbeaters of North London Jewish Socialist Group, Jewish Lesbians Against [illegible] Racial Harrassment Bill Group and to be confirmed Anti-Fascist Action, Bernie Grant, Leader, Haringey Council, Creche, Crèche Subsidised, 'The Aliens' Act [illegible] exhibition. Details from Jewish Cultural Anti Racist Project Tel 01 567 1506.

MON 28 OCT

WEALTH & RESPONSIBILITY. Lecture series at St James's Church, Piccadilly at 1.10pm. This week Redmond Mullin, Author of 'The Wealth of Christians, 'Commonplace Work.' Please contact Lyn Austin on 01-734 4511 for details.

WED 30 OCT

ST JAMES'S CHURCH, PICCADILLY. Divided Britain. A major lecture series Wednesdays at 1.05pm. The Revd Neville Black, Rector of St Luke-in the-City, Liverpool, 'The Road to Canterbury via Toxteth.' Details 01-734 4511.

SAT 2 NOV-SUN 3 NOV

TURNING LEFT — A Political Extravaganza. Seventy speakers on numerous topics. At Sidgwick Site, Cambridge University. Tickets on the door £3 (day), £5 (weekend). Details: Box 710, Kings College, Cambridge.

HOW THE PUBLIC ORDER PROPOSALS AFFECT YOU!

Sat 2 Nov 1.30pm.
Central Hall Westminster

Chair: Bruce Kent.
Speakers: Jack Dromey TGWU, Harry Fletcher NAPO, Marie Staunton, Sarah Spencer NCCL.

Comprehensive briefings free on registration. NCCL members & affiliates £4, others £7.

Further details/registration
Gill Lewis NCCL 01-403 3888

NO MORE BHOPALS!

International Conference on issues and struggles arising from the Bhopal gas disaster.

Sun 3 Nov 10-5.
County Hall

Speakers from India, French & American Union Carbide Trade Unionists, David Gee GMBTU, Thea Bock German Greens.

Information contact:
Bhopal Victims Support Committee, 50/52 King Street, Southall, Middlesex 01-843 2333

WED 6 NOV

'THE BIG FISH IN THE BIBLICAL WILDERNESS'

is the title of the 1985 Ernest Jones lecture to be given by **Professor Sir Edmund Leach FBA** in the **Logan Hall, Institute of Education, 20 Bedford Way, London WC1** on Wednesday 6 Nov, 8.15 p.m.

Moses Laufer, president of the British Psycho-analytical Society, will be in the Chair.

Admission is free.

FRI 8 NOV

MIND-DAY CONFERENCE 'Mental Health in the Nuclear Age.' Examines how nuclear defence policies affect the mental health of individuals, and asks if we are more 'healthy' with the bomb. Speakers include: Dr Dorothy Rowe and Dr James Thompson. School of Pharmacy, Brunswick Square, London WC1. Cos £25, £9 unwaged, includes coffee, lunch, tea. Details/application forms from: Alban Wiseman, MIND, 22 Harley Street, London W1N 2ED. Tel 01 637 0741.

SAT 9 NOV

THE SOCIAL RESPONSIBILITIES OF THE PROFESSIONS. Third Annual Conference of ***Professions for World Disarmament and Development.*** Chair: Bishop Trevor Huddleston. Speakers: Mary Midgley, Frank Barnaby & Richard Sandbrook. Workshops on Responsibilities of the Professions in relation to Disarmament and Development, followed by general discussion and brief A.G.M. At Royal Society of Medicine, 1 Wimpole Street, London W1. Registration 9.30am. Conference 10am - 5.30pm. Tickets £7.50 (£5 unwaged includes lunch) from Anti-Race, 12 Belmore Grove, East Dulwich, London SE22 or at the door. Members of all Professions welcome.

Concert in aid of

MEXICO CITY EARTHQUAKE DISASTER RELIEF

Tuesday 29 October at 7.30 pm

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All proceeds from the concert will be donated to the British Mexican Society Earthquake Relief Fund, which will attract a matching donation from the British Government and will be utilised for a specific reconstruction project in Mexico.

AGENDA: The page to advertise meetings, conferences, workshops, lectures etc.

SOCIALIST BOOKFAIR

Three Days Celebrating SOCIALIST PUBLISHING

Thurs 31 Oct-Sat 2 Nov

Music Box, Royal Festival Hall, South Bank, London SE1

Stuart Hall will open the fair at 1pm, 31 Oct and present the 1985 *'Publishing for People'* Awards.

* BOOKS * DEBATES * VIDEOS * THEATRE *

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Full Details 01-802 6145

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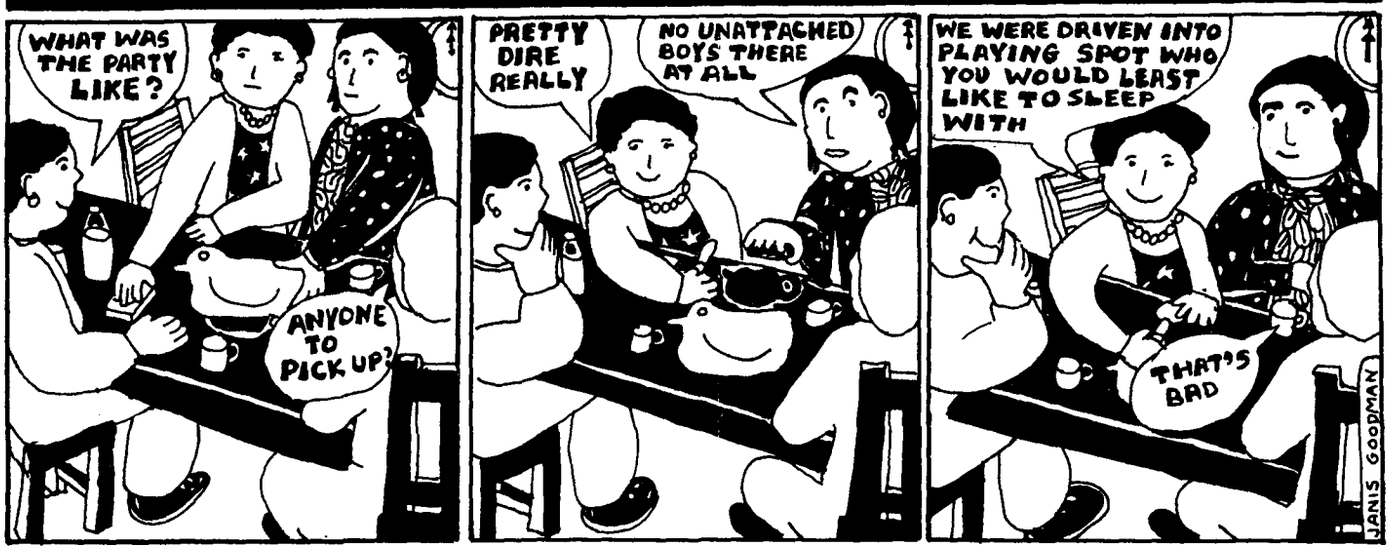
MISANTHROPIC MUSINGS: PARTY GAMES


WHAT WAS THE PARTY LIKE?
ANYONE TO PICK UP?
PRETTY DIRE REALLY
NO UNATTACHED BOYS THERE AT ALL
WE WERE DRIVEN INTO PLAYING SPOT WHO YOU WOULD LEAST LIKE TO SLEEP WITH
THAT'S BAD
JANIS GOODMAN

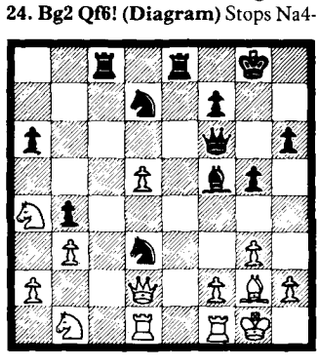
CHESS

ON THE EVIDENCE of the current struggle between Karpov and Kasparov a 24 game match appears decidedly more stimulating than the 'timeless test' formula of their previous marathon. This time draws certainly count. As the rivals near the finishing line a draw is no longer a neutral result. It must carry one of them closer to the prize.

To summarise the ups and downs of the match: Kasparov took an immediate lead by winning game 1 and came close to winning the second as well. But the balance soon swung the other way. Karpov levelled by exploiting the attacking potential of opposite-coloured bishops in game 4 and then went ahead thanks to some casual play by the challenger in game 5. There followed a string of five draws. The champion seemed to have things under control, with a comfortable cushion (Kasparov now needed two wins) he was also getting the more promising positions. But then in game 11 Karpov made an awful blunder, perhaps the worst of his whole career, and crashed to an embarrassingly quick defeat. Game 12 featured a startling pawn-sacrifice by Kasparov. Surely it could not be correct? Intent on healing his nerves, the champion took no risks and tamely simplified to a draw. Then three more draws.

And so to game 16, one of the most remarkable ever played in a world championship. Kasparov repeated the pawn-sac of game 12. So he really meant it, it was not just a one-off surprise. But surely Karpov and his team of analysts would have a rebuttal prepared? They must have prepared, but it did the champion no good. This time he retained the extra pawn, but his pieces were drawn into such passive positions that after a mere 24 moves he was almost in zugzwang.

Karpov-Kasparov, Moscow, 15 October 1985. Sicilian Defence. 1. e4 c5 2. Nf3 e6 3. d4 cxd4 4. Nxd4 Nc6 5. Nb5 d6 6. c4 Nf6 7. Nlc3 a6 8. Na3 d5!? Kasparov's astounding innovation in a well-known position. In the past Black has invariably played 8... Be7, accepting the fact that White will have a spatial advantage. **9. cxd5 exd5 10. exd5 Nb4 11. Be2** Game 12 had gone 11. Bc4 Bg4 12. Be2 Bxe2 13. Qxe2+ Qe7 14. Be3 Nbxd5 with complete equality. Black could now recapture on d5, but that allows White to apply quiet pressure with Be2-f3. **11... Bc5 12. 0-0 0-0 13. Bf3 Bf5 14. Bg5 Re8 15. Qd2 b5 16. Rad1 Nd3** The White knights play a pitiful role throughout the game. At the moment there is a threat to fork them with... b5-b4. **17. Nab1 h6 18. Bh4 b4 19. Na4 Bd6 20. Bg3 Rc8 21. b3 g5 22. Bxd6 Qxd6** Somewhere White must make a mistake, but which is the culprit move? The whole idea of Be2-f3 may be suspect because it allows the paralysing invasion at d3. Here the attempt to eject the invader with 23. Nb2 fails to 23... Ne5. **23. g3 Nd7 24. Bg2 Qf6! (Diagram)** Stops Na4-



b2 and leaves White desperately short of playable moves. **25. a3 a5 26. axb4 axb4 27. Qa2 Bg6 28. d6** Offering the extra pawn as a decoy in the hope of 28... Qxd6 29. Nb2. With hindsight, however, it seems that 28. Bh3!? is the last chance of any activity for White. **g4 29. Qd2 Kg7 30. f3 Qxd6** Now he can take since 31. Nb2 runs into 31... Qd4+. **31. fxg4 Qd4+ 32. Kh1 Nf6!** With the twin threats of... Nxg4 and... Ne4. **33. Rf4 Ne4 34. Qxd3 Nf2+ 35. Rxf2** 35. Kg1 is equally hopeless, e.g. 35... Nh3++ 36. Kh1 Qxd3 37. Rxd3 Nxf4 38. Rd1 Nxg2 39. Kxg2 Re2+ etc. **Bxd3 36. Rfd2 Qe3! 37. Rxd3 Rc1** Really rubbing it in. Just 37... Qxd3 38. Rxd3 Re1+ should also be adequate, though slower. **38. Nb2 Qf2 39. Nd2 Rxd1+ 40. Nxd1 Re1+ 0-1.**

Though world champions may get beaten, they are rarely so outgeneralled as to be reduced to the state of helpless disorganization that Karpov found himself in. Game 3 of the 1972 Spassky-Fischer match is perhaps the closest precedent, and indeed Kasparov's audaciously creative play with the Black pieces was reminiscent of Fischer at his peak.

No problem for you to solve this week on the grounds that it would be sacrilege to distract attention from this extraordinary game!

George Botterill

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QUIZ

1) Who described whom last week as a 'mad spalpeen'?

2) Who said of whom last week 'I'm her biggest fan because what she crams into a day I could never achieve'?

3) How many children does Victoria Gillick have?

4) How old is Margaret Thatcher?

5) Apart from Margaret Thatcher, who was the only female head of government attending the Commonwealth Conference?

6) Which Commonwealth prime minister visited a funfair in Oxfordshire last week?

7) Which French novelist became £160,000 richer last week?

8) Which French novelist collapsed in Colombia last week?

9) Who was able to read his own obituary in *The Times* last week?

10) Which political party recently expelled 3,787 of its members?

Answers

1) Ian Paisley on Jeffrey Archer; 2) Princess Diana on Princess Anne; 3) Ten; 4) Sixty; 5) Eugenia Charles of Dominica; 6) R Premadasa of Sri Lanka; 7) Claude Simon; 8) Françoise Sagan; 9) Rex Alsten; 10) The East German Communist Party

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